Foster

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

July 24, 1950

Written by

GEORGE FOSTER
and
MORT ~~GEEN~~ Green

Produced by Martin Goodman

Directed by Vincent J. Donehue

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

(THE SET: RESTAURANT SET. THERE ARE THREE TABLES ON STAGE. STAGE UNOCCUPIED. A MAN ENTERS, LOOKS AROUND, SELECTS AN EMPTY TABLE, SITS DOWN AND WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR A WAITER. AFTER A SHORT PAUSE, MENASHA ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN. HE IS WIPING SILVERWARE, DOING HIS LITTLE DANCE STEP AND SINGING "BEAUTIFUL MORNING" TO HIMSELF. HE SMILES ABSENTLY AT THE MAN AS HE GOES BY HIM. ~~THE MAN STARTS TO SAY SOMETHING BUT MENASHA VANISHES INTO THE KITCHEN.~~ THE MAN SHOWS HIS EXASPERATION, DRUMS ON TABLE IMPATIENTLY. ~~AFTER A SHORT PAUSE, MENASHA REAPPEARS AND STARTS SAME ROUTINE. BUT THIS TIME, JUST AS MENASHA IS ABOUT TO EXIT THE MAN SPEAKS.~~)

MAN

Uh-- excuse me-- waiter-- aren't you going to wait on me?

MENASHA

It's not my table.

(~~MENASHA EXITS.~~ THE MAN INDICATES EXASPERATION ~~AGAIN~~, LOOKS AROUND RESTAURANT. ~~THERE ARE ONLY TWO~~

(More)

(MENASHA GOES BUSILY ABOUT HIS DUTIES. THE MAN SUDDENLY GETS A BRIGHT IDEA. HE GETS UP AND GOES TO ONE OF THE OTHER TABLES, SITS DOWN.....MENASHA SEES HIM, SMILES COMES OVER TO HIM.)

MENASHA

That's my table.

MAN

Nice place you got here. How's business?

MENASHA

Oh, sometimes it's good and sometimes it's lousy.

MAN

How is it today?

MENASHA

Good and lousy.

MAN

I see.

MENASHA

Now, what will you have, sir?

MAN

Let me have the regular dinner. I'll have a nice piece of cantaloupe, and a nice steak with french fried potatoes. and a cup of coffee.

MAN (DROOLING)

Wonderful! That's what I'll have. Bring it on. I'm starved.

MENASHA

(HIS USUAL, SLOW SELF. BEGINS WRITING ORDER ON CHECK)

Let's see, now. One cantaloupe--

no, excuse me, but I'm sorry.

I can't recommend the cantaloupe.

MAN

Why not?

MENASHA

Not ripe.

MAN

All right. So bring me honey-

dew melon.

MENASHA

No. Over-ripe. Why don't you take a plate of soup?

MAN = Why?

MENASHA = I like soup. I don't know what other people like - but I like soup.

(BUILDING UP TO A BURN)

MAN

Okay, okay. ~~Forget the melon.~~

Bring me the vegetable soup.

MENASHA

Very good. One vegetable soup.

(CHANGING HIS MIND)

Listen, if I were you, I would

have the consomme. It's better.

MAN

All right! Bring me the consomme.

MENASHA

(WRITING)

Now you're talking. One consomme. And how would you like the consomme?

MAN

What do you mean-- how would I like the consomme?

MENASHA

You could have the consomme with crackers, with noodles or with rice.

MAN

I'll take it with crackers.

MENASHA

(WRITING)

With crackers, of course. Uh -- do me a favor, don't take it with crackers. You wouldn't like it.

MAN

Why not?

MENASHA

We ain't got it.

MAN

Then I'll have it with noodles.

(More)

MENASHA

(WRITING)

Oh, now you're talking. One consomme with-- listen, are you sure you want it with noodles?

MAN

Why?

MENASHA

Because they didn't come in yet. They'll be here in an hour or two. Would you like to wait?

MAN (BURNING)

No! NO! Forget the noodles! I'm very hungry. Bring me the consomme with rice!

MENASHA

(WRITING)

One consomme with rice.

(UNHAPPILY)

All right, if you want consomme with rice, don't let me stop you. But I wouldn't recommend it.

MAN

Why not?

MENASHA

Because I don't like rice.

MAN (BOILING)

Rice-- noodles-- crackers--who cares? I'm hungry! Just (More)

MAN (Cont)

bring me plain consomme!

MENASHA

Plain consomme? Who eats plain consomme without crackers or noodles or rice?

MAN (SHOUTING)

Forget the consomme! Bring me alphabet soup.

MENASHA

Sorry, no substitutions.

MAN

Forget the soup. Forget everything! Just bring me a steak! I'm starving!

MENASHA (WRITING)

A steak. Certainly. Coming right up.

(HE TURNS AND TAKES ONE STEP TO KITCHEN...THEN TURNS)

This steak--how would you like it?

MAN (RELIEVED)

I'm glad you asked me that. I like my steak just one way and that's rare. Got it -- rare!

MENASHA

You wouldn't like it.

MAN

(WORKING UP TO BURN)

But that's the way I want it--

rare!

MENASHA

Why don't you take it well done?

MAN

Because I don't like it well done!

I want a rare steak! Do you

hear me -- a rare steak --

rare, rare, RARE!

MENASHA

All right.

(MIMICKING)

Rare, rare, RARE! If that's

the way you want it, that's the

way you want it. But you

wouldn't like it.

(HE EXITS TO KITCHEN. MAN LAYS HIS HEAD ON TABLE AND WEEPS INTO HIS ARMS. AFTER A SHORT PAUSE, HE COMPOSES HIMSELF AND SITS UP AND LOOKS A LITTLE HAPPIER. AT THIS POINT MENASHA STICKS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE KITCHEN.)

Mister, excuse me-- are you sure

you want it rare? Last chance!

(MAN SHOWS NO REACTION TO THIS BUT CLOSES HIS EYES. HE IS OBVIOUSLY SUFFERING INTENSELY)

MAN

(Food in mouth)

'swonderful! Very good!

'smost delicious steak I ever

tasted!

MENASHA (TRIUMPHANTLY)

It's well done!

MAN

(BLOWS UP IN DISGUST. PUTS HIS KNIFE AND FORK DOWN)

That does it. I've stood for about as much as a human being can take. Let me talk to the ~~head-waiter.~~ Manager.

MENASHA (MEEKLY)

What happened? What did I do that was so terrible?

MAN

I refuse to discuss it. Call the ~~head-waiter.~~ Manager. I want to talk to him!

MENASHA

All right. If you insist, I'll tell him.

(STARTS FOR EXIT, STOPS HALFWAY)

But you wouldn't like him.

(EXITS)

MAN

(ALMOST SOBBING)

I wanna see the ~~head-waiter!~~ Manager.

MAN (Cont'd)
talk to the manager! I demand to see the manager!

MENASHA
All right. All right.
(STARTS FOR EXIT, STOPS HALF-WAY)
But you wouldn't like him, neither.

(EXITS, INTO KITCHEN. MAN GETS UP AID PACES BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH. MENASHA ENTERS FROM KITCHEN WEARING ANOTHER JACKET ~~AND PUTTING A CARNATION IN HIS LAPEL~~)

MAN
(SEE HIM)
Look here, sir, I -- You again!
(TAKE) MENASHA = I told you you wouldn't like him.
MAN:
You, again! Oh, no! You are the manager?

MENASHA
Not the manager-- the manager.
(MAN THROWS UP HANDS IN DISGUST, TAKES HIS NAPKIN OUT OF HIS COLLAR, AND STORMS OUT, MUTTERING ANGRILY TO HIMSELF. MENASHA WATCHES HIM BEWILDERED, SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS, TURNS TO CAMERA. C.U.)

MENASHA
A man shouldn't aggravate after such a heavy meal. (More)

(HE GOES TO TABLE AT WHICH MAN SAT, AND SITS DOWN, TUCKS NAPKIN UNDER COLLAR, PICKS UP HIS KNIFE AND FORK AND GOES TO WORK ON THE STEAK. EATS THE FIRST MOUTHFUL AND SAVORS THE TASTE)

Umm -- a well- done steak.

Delicious!

(ATTACKS STEAK AND CONTINUES TO EAT. THE TELEPHONE RINGS. HE PUTS DOWN KNIFE AND FORK, TAKES OFF NAPKIN, GETS UP AND GOES TO PHONE. PICKS UP PHONE.)

Hello. Mrs. Davis Restaurant --

Well- Done Steaks Our Specialty.

Mr. Menasha, speaking. Who's this ?

(FEELS HIS JACKET)

--uh-- the head-waiter--

(FEELS THE CARNATION)

--uh-- the manager-- speaking.

Who is this?

(PAUSE)

Mr. Bailey. No, I'm Mr.

Menasha.

(SHORT PAUSE)

Oh, you're Mr. Bailey. Yes, Mr. Bailey. Who do you desire to address? Mrs. Davis? Certainly. She's in the kitchen, broiling. I'll call her.

MENASHA

(CALLING)

Mrs. Davis-- oh, Mrs. Davis--

MRS. DAVIS (OFF)

Yes, Menasha. What is it?

MENASHA (CALLING)

Could you stop boiling for a minute and come to the telephone? ~~Mr. Bailey is on the receiver.~~

MRS. DAVIS

(ENTERS FROM KITCHEN, DRYING HANDS. SHE GOES TO PHONE)

Oh, yes. I do hope this is the call I've been expecting. his call. Thank you, Menasha.

(CAMERA FOLLOWS MENASHA)

MENASHA

Your welcome, Mrs. Davis.

(HE GOES BACK TO TABLE, GETS SET TO EAT. TAKES FIRST BITE, SHAKES HEAD IN APPROVAL)

Very good. If it was just a little more well done--

(CAMERA ON MRS. DAVIS FOR PHONE CONVERSATION)

MRS. DAVIS

Hello--

Yes, Mr. Bailey. Of course.... That's exactly what we need. You will? ~~Good. It's a deal, then?~~ Fine. All right. I'll send my manager, Mr.

(More)

MRS. DAVIS (Cont)

Menasha, over right away. Thanks a lot, ~~Mr. Bailey.~~ Goodbye.

(Menasha takes phone - Say Goodbye.

(SHE HANGS UP AND SPEAKS TO MENASHA)

Isn't that wonderful! ~~Mr.~~ He's ~~Bailey's~~ going to do it. I thought for sure he would turn us down.

MENASHA

Turn us down? About what, Mrs. Davis?

MRS. DAVIS

I've been thinking that I'd like to enlarge the Restaurant but I don't have the money.

MENASHA

How much do we need? I have plenty money saved up.

MRS. DAVIS

On what you make here? How much do you have?

MENASHA

Ninety-seven dollars and fifty-five cents.

MRS. DAVIS

$97.55! How did you ever manage to save $97.55?

MENASHA

I go to the pictures early in the morning before the prices change.

MRS. DAVIS

Oh. Well, we need five hundred dollars to make the alterations. So I got in touch with this Mr. Bailey and offered him a partnership if he would advance the money and he just called to okay the deal. I told him I would send you right over to pick up the cash.

MENASHA

All right. Where is he---?

MRS. DAVIS

Room 34 at the 43rd Street Hotel. You can go over there right now, and tell him we're planning to break down those walls -- and dig underneath to the store next door.

MENASHA

You mean next door where the First National Delicatessen used to be?

MRS. DAVIS

Yes. That way we'll have twice as much room. Now be on your way.

(SHE GOES INTO KITCHEN)

MENASHA

Wonderful.

MRS. DAVIS (Cont'd)

alterations we're tkinking of making, explain to him what we had in mind. You know, we'll break down those walls --

(POINTING OFF)

-- and dig underneath to the store next door. That way we'll have twice as much room.

MENASHA

W onderful. If we had extra room would we have a wonderful business, if we had customers.

(CAMERA REMAINS ON MENASHA)

(MRS. DAVIS STARTS FOR KITCHEN)

MENASHA (cont)

Let's see.

(TO HIMSELF)

I go over right now to Room 43 at the 34th Street Hotel and I see the man and get the money. Wait a minute. Could it be Room 34 at the 43rd Street Hotel? No. Room 43 at the 34th Street Hotel. That's right.

(MRS. DAVIS BY THIS TIME HAS GONE INTO THE KITCHEN. MENASHA STARTS FOR THE DOOR TO THE STREET)

And the man's name is Mr. Baisey, is it?

(STOPS, CALLS TO KITCHEN) (More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

Mrs. Davis, what was that man's name again? Mr. Baisey, no?

MRS. DAVIS

(COMING TO KITCHEN DOOR)

No, Menasha, not Baisey, Bailey. L-- L-- you know, H-I-J-K-L-

MENASHA

H-I-J-K-L. Hijkl
Oh, certainly. Mr. Hijkl--

(AS HE GOES OUT THE DOOR)

(BLACKOUT)

(FADE IN NEXT SET.)

(THE SET: HOTEL CORRIDOR DOOR WITH NO. 43 PRINTED ON IT)

(CLIP TO INTERIOR OF SET PAN ROOM, HOLD AT MEDIUM THREE-SHOT)

(THE SET: SMALL, TYPICAL HOTEL ROOM SCENE, QUITE BARE, WITH DRESSER, POSSIBLY A BED IN BG. C IS A BRIDGE TABLE AROUND WHICH ARE SEATED BABY, LOGEY AND SAM. LOGEY IS AN UGLY HUMPHREY BOGART TYPE, SAM IS A BIG, STUPID HOOD. BABY IS NOT A GUN MOLL. SHE IS AN EARTHILY ATTRACTIVE BABE, QUITE ARTICULATE, AND OBVIOUSLY THE BRAINS AND BOSS OF THE MOB. IF ANYTHING, LOGEY AND SAM ARE GUN-MALES. AS WE LOOK IN ON THEM

(More)

LOGEY IS PLAYING SOLITAIRE. SAM IS CLEANING SEVERAL GUNS. BABY HAS JUST RISEN AND IS WALKING BACK AND FORTH, SMOKING A CIGARETTE FURIOUSLY.)

BABY

(LOOKING AT WRIST-WATCH)

He's late. I wonder if anything happened to him.

SAM

Yeah, him.

LOGEY

(LOOKING UP FROM HIS GAME)

Who, you talking about, Baby?

SAM

Yeah, Baby.

BABY

Doc Kreigmeyer, that's who.

SAM

Yeah, who.

BOGEY (SULLENLY)

Oh, that guy. Cheez, Baby, why wait for him? We been holed up here for a week now.

SAM

Yeah, now.

BABY

(LIKE A TIGRESS)

Because Doc Kreigmeyer just happens to be the greatest

(More)

BABY (Cont'd)

bank-robber in the country. When he sets up a job it's for millions. He's a real master mind.

SAM

Yeah, mind.

LOGEY

So how come I never heard of him?

SAM

Yeah, him.

BABY

He just got out of jail last week.

SAM

Yeah, week.

LOGEY

Some master-mind. I think we oughta stir --

BABY

(STOPS IN FRONT OF THE TABLE, PUSHES THE CARDS OFF, LEANS OVER AND RAPS LOGEY ACROSS THE FACE.)

Shut up, you two-bit hood! Why, you couldn't carry Doc's hat, you boob. I'm the boss of this mob, and you're taking orders from me. And I say we wait for Doc Kreigmeyer, get it?

SAM

Yeah, it.

BABY

(TO SAM)

Shut up!

SAM

Yeah, up.

BABY

Any questions?

LOGEY

Okay, Baby, don't get sore. You're the boss. I'm in. So's Sam. But how do we know this guy?

BABY

We have a signal. He said he'd be wearing a white carnation when he came here. And if you bums are smart, you'll stay out of his way. He's a killer. He'd just as soon bump you as talk to you. Let me handle him.

LOGEY

You're the boss, Baby.

BABY

~~Okay.~~ Now, here's the caper. This Doc Kreigmeyer is a strange guy. He might want to do a lot of things that sound crazy,

(More)

BABY (Cont'd) He's a little guy but he's a killer.

but don't get him sore. Play along. Get it?

LOGEY

Gotcha, Baby.

BABY

It'll be worth it to us. Doc. Kreigmeyer is the biggest operator in the country. If he sets up a caper, it'll be for the big dough.

LOGEY

I get it, Baby. That's where we come in. BABY He supplies the brains, we supply the guns and money.

BABY

Right. And he'll probably need all of that fifty G's we grabbed on that robbery last week.

LOGEY

The whole 50 G's! Whew! That's a lot of cabbage.

BABY

You don't know Doc. He might want more than 50 G's, but that's what we'll try and get him to settle for.

(THERE IS A KNOCK AT DOOR. IT

STARTLES THEM. LOGEY REACHES FOR A SHOULDER HOLSTER. SAM LEVELS ONE OF HIS GUNS AT THE DOOR. BABY TAKES A DRAG OF HER CIGARETTE)

BABY

(SNUFFING OUT HER CIGARETTE)

It's probably the Doc. ~~Let him in, Sam.~~ See what is Sam.

(CAMERA FOLLWS SAM)

SAM

(GETS UP AND GOES TO DOOR, HIDING THE GUN BEHIND HIS BACK. HE OPENS THE DOOR CAUTIOUSLY, AND WE SEE MENASHA FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY, ~~WITH THE CARNATION IN HIS LAPEL. SAM DOES A TAKE WHEN HE SEES IT.~~)

Oh -- Doc.

(CALLING BACK)

It's the Doc.

BABY (OFF)

Tell him to come in.

~~SAM~~ BABY.

Come in, Doc.

MENASHA

(IN THE DOORWAY)

Then it's the right place, after all. I wasn't sure if it was Room 43 on 34th Street or Room 34 on 43rd Street. I'm glad it's the right place.

(HE STARTS HIS USUAL ENTRANCE BIT WITH THE LITTLE STEP. AS HE COMES FORWARD SAM FOLLOWS BEHIND HIM, HOLDING THE GUN ON HIM. ON ONE OF HIS STEPS MENASHA'S FOOT COMES UP AND KICKS THE GUN OUT OF SAM'S HAND. SAM IS FROZEN WITH FEAR, ESPECIALLY WHEN MENASHA REACHES DOWN AND PICKS UP THE GUN.)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

Excuse me.

(HOLDING GUN, DISTASTEFULLY)

A gun? A big boy like you playing with guns? I'm surprised. Really surprised.

(HE HOLDS THE GUN OUT TO SAM, BARREL END FIRST)

If it's yours, I'll have to let you have it.

SAM (CRINGING)

Let me have it? Gee, no, Doc, please, I didn't mean anything. Don't do it, Doc, don't do it, please.

MENASHA (KINDLY)

It's all right, I wouldn't do anything to you.

(HANDING HIM THE GUN)

Here. Put it away.

MENASHA (Cont'd)

(STERNLY)

But if I'll catch you playing with it again, I'll have to take it away from you. You hear?

SAM

(HOLSTERING GUN)

Gee, thanks, Doc. You're an okay guy. I didn't mean nothin'. Ask the boss. Ask Baby.

MENASHA

(CROSSING TO BABY)

You're Mr. Bailey?

BABY

No, I'm Baby.

MENASHA

Oh, Baby. I knew it was something wrong. First Basey, then Bailey, now Baby. Baby is the right name, no?

BABY

That's right, Doc. We been waitin' for you, Doc.

MENASHA

Please, don't call me Doc. I'm not a doctor. I'm Menasha.

BABY

Oh, I get it, Doc. An alias.

(TURNS TO LOGEY AND SAM)

How do you two muggs like that for an alias -- Menasha? Pretty solid. Who would've thought of that?

LOGEY

Thought of it-- heck-- I can't even pronounce it. How do you spell it?

MENASHA

It's easy. M like in Menasha, E like in Enasha, N like in nasha-- Menasha.

BABY (MOTIONING)

Siddown, Doc. You must be tired.

(MENASHA SITS DOWN AT TABLE)

How long were you in the stir?

MENASHA

Me?

(THINKING)

Oh, I've been in the store 15 years.

BABY (WHISTLES)

Whew. That's a long time.

MENASHA

Absolutely. And I'm proud of it.

BABY

I don't blame you, Doc. It's better than getting the chair for the Morris case you planned.

MENASHA

We tried the Morris Plan, but we couldn't get anything there.

BABY (LAUGHS)

Hey, that's a good one. Isn't it, boys?

LOGEY (NODS)

Yeah.

SAM

Yeah, ha.

MENASHA

Not only that but for the past five years I've been running the place.

BABY

Yeah, I heard about that, Doc.

MENASHA

Sure. I'm the manager of the place.

BABY

The manager?

MENASHA

Not the manager-- the manager.

BABY

Sure, sure, Doc, anything you say. Right, boys?

LOGEY

Right, Doc.

SAM

Yeah, Doc.

MENASHA

Please, do me a favor. Don't call me Doc. My name is Menasha. If you wouldn't call me Menasha I'll get mad.

BABY

(BLANCHING AT HIS EXASPERATION)

Sure-- sure-- Doc-- uh-- Menasha- right, boys?

LOGEY

(EQUALLY SCARED)

Right, Menasha.

SAM (ALSO)

Yeah, sha.

MENASHA

Well, now that we have that settled, how about getting down to business?

BABY

Sure. What's the job?

MENASHA

Well, it's really very easy. We have to dig down underneath and break down a wall to get into the First National.

BABY (ASTOUNDED)

The First National!

LOGEY

The First National? Hot Dog!

MENASHA

You said it! Pleany of hot dogs, with sauerkraut. Listen, leave it to Menasha. First we'll break into the First National, and then we'll clean up.

BABY

You heat that, boys? How much do you weed to handle the job, Menasha?

MENASHA

I thought it was understood. Five hundred.

(THEY ARE TAKEN ABACK AT THIS FIGURE)

BABY

Five hundred G's?

MENASHA

Listen, you could Gee all you like but I couldn't take a penny less that five hundred.

BABY

That's an awful lotta lettuce.

MENASHA

Lettuce we got plenty. Money is what we need. Five hundred.

BABY

Five hundred! ~~Gee~~, Menasha, how much do we stand to make?

MENASHA

What a question! We'll make a million!

~~ALL~~

~~A million! Holy cow! Cheez--~~

BABY

A million?

MENASHA

Not a million -- a million.

BABY

Yeah, but you need 500. That's an awful lot of money. All we can give you is fifty.

MENASHA

Fifty? For fifty you want a partnership? Please, don't be silly.

BABY

(MOTIONING TO BOYS)

Don't you boys have something to do?

LOGEY

(WINKING SIGNIFICANTLY)

Yeah, sure, Baby. We'll (More)

LOGEY (Cont'd)

take off. Come on, Sam.

SAM

Yeah, Sam.

(THEY GO TO THE DOOR AND EXIT)

MENASHA

(DRUMS WORRIEDLY ON TABLE)

I can't understand it. I come up here to get 500 and you offer me 50. I can't accept it.

BABY

(GOES INTO GLAMOR GIRL BIT, FLUFFS HAIR, STALKS AROUND BEHIND MENASHA, RUNS HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK AND DOWN HIS LAPELS)

Aw, come on, Menasha, couldn't you do it on fifty for poor little old me?

MENASHA

(TRYING TO GET HER ARMS OFF HIS NECK)

Poor, maybe-- but little and old, you ain't.

BABY

Menasha - do you know you're a doll?

~~(COMES AROUND TO FRONT OF TABLE.~~

MENASHA: Oh - this I know.

SITS ON EDGE OF TABLE AND DANGLES SHAPELY LEG IN FRONT OF MENASHA)

BABY

You know, you're just my type.

MENASHA (UNCOMFORTABLY)

~~Really?~~ you mean it? You actually mean it?

BABY

I've just been aching to run my hands through your hat.

MENASHA (STIFFLY)

Well, if you ain't got the 500 -

(STARTS TO RISE. SHE PUSHES HIM GENTLY BACK)

BABY

What's the matter? Don't you like me?

MENASHA

Like you? Why not? What's not to like?

BABY

(~~RISES AND PIROUETTES IN FRONT OF HIM~~ SHOWING OFF DRESS AND FIGURE)

How do you like my -- uh -- new dress?

MENASHA (INCREDULOUSLY)

That's a dress?

BABY

Certainly. What do you think of it?

MENASHA

(AFTER A SHORT PAUSE)

Well, if it was cut any higher on bottom and any lower on top it would be a belt.

BABY

Whatsamatta, Menasha, are you married or somethin'?

MENASHA

No. I'm a bachelor.

BABY

How come a beautiful hunk of man like you wasn't snapped up right away? How come you never married?

MENASHA

It's hard to find the right girl. There a two million girls in New York and they don't want to get married.

BABY

How do you know they don't want to get married?

MENASHA

I asked them!

BABY

Well, didn't you ever go with a girl?

MENASHA

Yes, I went with a girl but marriage was out of the question.

BABY

Why was that?

MENASHA

Well, we used to travel on the subway together and I would get off on 86th Street and she would get off at 72nd Street.

BABY

So?

MENASHA

I didn't want to marry below my station.

BABY

And since then you've never gone with another girl?

MENASHA

No, it doesn't look like there's a girl for me.

BABY

Don't say that, Menasha. In this world there's a girl for every boy and a boy for every girl. You can't improve on an arrangement like that.

MENASHA

I don't want to improve on it. I just want to get in on it. How about you - you're also a bachelor?

BABY

No, I'm a divorcee.

MENASHA

Oh, you lost your husband. With a husband you have to be careful, 'cause a husband is like an automobile. If you take good care of him -- you don't have to change him every year.

BABY

Well, you see, I was engaged to marry a wealthy millionaire. His name was Harlowe Van Cruikshank. You've heard of Van's family, the famous travellers?

MENASHA

Oh, of course, the moving vans.

BABY

Yes. Well, Harlowe didn't know that I was married before and when he found out that I used to be married to Marlowe, he wanted to kill him.

MENASHA

Marlowe?

BABY

Harlowe. Because Marlowe, he was my first husband, found out that I was going to marry Harlowe so he started to blackmail me.

MENASHA

(TRYING TO KEEP TRACK)

Harlowe?

BABY

Marlowe. And then he found out that Harlowe was embezzling funds from his partner, Carlo.

MENASHA (HOPEFULLY)

Marlowe?

BABY

Harlowe. Carlo was no angel either, because he was taking another sucker for a ride himself. You get it?

MENASHA

I'll take a chance. Carlo?

BABY

No, Max.

MENASHA

(AFTER A SHORT, GLUM PAUSE)

Well --

(STARTS TO RISE)

-- seeing you ain't got the 500--

BABY

~~(COMES BACK TO DESK, PUSHES MENASHA DOWN)~~

Tell me about you, now, Menasha, were you always in this racket?

MENASHA

Well, before I went into this business 15 years ago I used to be a watch-out man in a Turkish Bath.

BABY

You mean-- a watch-man.

MENASHA

No. A watch-out man. In the

(More)

MENASHA

No -- before that I worked in a factory, but the Foreman didn't like me.

BABY

Why?

MENASHA

Because a foreman is a guy - he himself never works - he's only watching the others should work. So he was jealous of me, 'cause everybody thought that I'm the foreman....so he fired me.

MENASHA (Cont'd)

Turkish Bath I used to stand between the Mens Locker Room and the Ladies Locker Room and if anybody started to make a mistake, I would say "Watch out".

BABY

(GETTING OFF DESK)

Well, whaddaya say, Menasha, will you do the job for 50?

MENASHA (RISING)

No. I'm sorry. I couldn't accept any less than 500.

BABY

(AS HE STARTS TO WALK, SHE STARTS TO STALK HIM AND THEY HALF-CIRCLE THE TABLE AND STOP AT OPPOSITE ENDS. THEY DO BIZ OF FEINTING A MOVEMENT TO EITHER SIDE)

You fascinating little man, I'll catch you yet.

MENASHA (IN DESPERATION)

Listen. Maybe I was wrong. I'll tell you what. I'll settle for 400.

BABY

(STARTING AROUND AFTER HIM)

Come here, you beautiful devil you --

MENASHA

(BIZ OF GETTING TO OPPOSITE ENDS OF TABLE. THEY STOP AND FEINT. HE IS DESPERATE)

Look, maybe you could manage 300 --

BABY: Menasha - why are you fighting me. This thing is bigger than both of us.

(STARTS AFTER HIM AGAIN)

~~Stand still for a minute, you hunk of man --~~

(THIS TIME THEY MAKE A COMPLETE REVOLUTION AROUND TABLE, BUT MENASHA, EVIDENTLY INTENT ON GETTING AWAY, MAKES AN EXTRA HALF-CIRCLE AROUND THE TABLE PASSING HER AND WINDING UP AT THE OPPOSITE END)

MENASHA

Two hundred?

(BABY IMMEDIATELY STARTS AFTER HIM STALKING HIM VERY INTENTLY. HE GETS TO THE OTHER END OF TABLE AND STOPS AS BEFORE. ~~WEAKLY HE SAYS)~~ BABY = Huh?

One hundred?

(CU TWO SHOT)

(HE DOES A TAKE AS HE SEES SHE DIDN'T STOP. SHE CATCHES UP WITH HIM, ~~TAKES HIM IN HER ARMS AND BENDS HIM OVER BACKWARDS IN THE CLASSIC KISS POSE. HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO~~

BABY - Menasha

(More)

(She comes him near door.)

~~BE GRADLED, HOLDS HIS HAT ON HIS HEAD WITH HIS HAND AND SMILES WEAKLY~~)

We'll manage with fifty!

(BLACKOUT)

(FADE-IN RESTAURANT)

(THE SET: RESTAURANT SET AS IN FIRST SCENE.)

(MRS. DAVIS APPEARS AT KITCHEN DOOR AND BUSTLES OUT ON TO SET. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY DISTURBED AND SEEMS TO BE PREPARING TO GO OUT. AS SHE FIXES HER HAT SHE CALLS OFF TO SOMEONE IN THE KITCHEN.)

MRS. DAVIS

I can't understand what happened to Menasha. He should have been here an hour ago. He's such a scatterbrain. I'm worried about him. I'll be back in a little while. I'm just going over to see if I can find out what happened to him. If he comes in, Hector, keep him here till I get --

(THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND MENASHA COMES WITH HIS USUAL ENTRANCE BIT. HE IS CARRYING A BRIEF-CASE. HE COMES OVER TO TABLE IN CENTER.)

MENASHA: Hello Mrs. Davis

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha-- here you are. Where've

(More)

MRS. DAVIS (Cont)

you been? What took you so long?

MENASHA

Never mind. Why don't you ask me what happened?

MRS. DAVIS

Well, I'm asking?

MENASHA

Don't ask!

MRS. DAVIS

Did you get the money?

MENASHA

Sure I got the money.

MRS. DAVIS

Did you get the whole five hundred?

MENASHA

Not five hundred -- fifty.

MRS. DAVIS

Fifty! Oh, no. Menasha, how could you do it. I distinctly told you 500 dollars. You're impossible! Oh, he couldn't have given you only fifty dollars. Did you count it?

MENASHA

(STARTING TO OPEN BRIEF CASE)

No, Mrs. Davis. If you can't

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

trust somebody, you can't trust anybody.

MRS. DAVIS (ANXIOUSLY)

Well, count it. How much is it?

MENASHA

(TAKING PACKAGES OF MONEY OUT OF BRIEF CASE AS HE COUNTS THEM)

Let's see-- ten-- twenty-- thirty-- forty-- fifty. It's right.

MRS. DAVIS

(LOOKING AT BILLS IN AMAZEMENT)

Menasha -- that's fifty thousand dollars!

MENASHA (UNHAPPILY)

How do you like that? Mrs. Davis you were right-- you can't trust anybody!

MRS. DAVIS

Well, how did this happen? Are you sure you went to Room 34 on 43rd Street?

MENASHA

Certainly, I'm sure. I went to Room 43 on 34th --

(DOES TAKE)

-- oh!

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, no! Then you never saw Mr. Bailey?

MRS DAVIS = a baby!
MENASHA = Not a baby - a Baby.

MENASHA

No, I saw Miss Baby. And her two friends, Logey and Sam. Very refined people.

MRS. DAVIS (DAWNING)

Baby? Logey? Sam? Why -- that's the notorious Baby Mob. It was in the papers a couple of days ago. They robbed a bank of fifty thousand dollars, killed the watchman and made their getaway in a stolen car.

MENASHA (UNBELIEVING)

Such nice people would steal a car? I don't believe it. They're such nice people.

~~And not only this.~~ But if you'll talk to them you'll see what nice people they are.

MRS. DAVIS

Talk to them? What do you mean?

MENASHA

They'll be down here any minute to sign the contract.

~~MENASHA~~ MRS. DAVIS

~~Down here?~~ Menasha -- what did you do? They're a gang of notorious killers. When they find out who you really are they'll murder you.

MENASHA (RISING)

Murder? That's murder! Well --
(TIPPING HIS HAT, AND STARTING
AIMLESSLY OFF)
-- goodbye, Mrs. Davis, I
~~gotta go~~.

MRS. DAVIS

Where ~~will you go~~?

MENASHA

To the coast.

MRS. DAVIS

But where on the coast?

MENASHA

Far Rockaway.
(STARTS HIS STEP BIT TOWARD KITCHEN)

MRS. DAVIS

Where are you going-- that's
the kitchen.

MENASHA

Oh, excuse me.
(DOES ABRUPT ABOUT FACE, STARTS
UNDER A TABLE)

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha-- that's no good,
they'll find you there. Let's
call the police.

MENASHA

(STARTS FOR DOOR)
Listen, Mrs. Davis. You can
wait for the police. Just
(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

~~point me at the door and push.~~

(AS HE GETS TO DOOR, IT OPENS AND BABY, LOGEY AND SAM COME IN. MENASHA PULLS UP SHORT AND FORCES HIMSELF TO BE GAY AND DEBONAIR)

Oh, hello.

(BIZ OF THEIR WALKING TOWARD STAGE CENTER WITH MENASHA WALKING BACKWARD)

ALL

Hi, Whaddaya say, Doc. etc.

BABY

Nice hideout you got here, Doc--

uh--

(WINKING SIGNIFICANTLY)

-- Menasha.

LOGEY

Yeah, nobody would ever think of looking for us in this dump.

SAM

Yeah, dump.

MRS. DAVIS

How dare you?

BABY

(NOTICING MRS. DAVIS)

Who's the broad?

MENASHA

~~Yes, she is.~~ Mrs. Davis, I want you to meet my friends.

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

This is Baby and Bogey and Sam.

MRS. DAVIS (COLDLY)

How do you do?

BABY

Hi.

LOGEY

Hi.

SAM

Yeah, Sam.

BABY

I get it. She's your gun-moll, huh?

MENASHA

Gun-moll? Yeah, that's right.

BABY

Well, let's get down to business. Where can we talk?

MENASHA

Right here,

(INDICATES CENTER TABLE)

Sit down, buddies, and make yourself comfortable.

(THEY SIT.)

BABY

(INDICATING MRS. DAVIS WITH A NOD OF HER HEAD)

Get rid of the moll.

MENASHA

The moll? (More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

(UNDERSTANDS)

Oh, sure.

(HIS IDEA OF WHAT A GANGSTER IS LIKE, TALKING OUT OF THE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH)

Okay, scram, Molly.

BABY

Molly?

MENASHA (TOUGH, TERSE)

For short.

(MRS. DAVIS EXITS INTO KITCHEN)

Well, so it shouldn't be a total loss, while we are chewing the rag maybe you would like to chew on a piece of hamburger?

BABY

No hamburger for me. But I could go some fish.

LOGEY

I could go some fish, too.

SAM

Yeah, filet.

MENASHA

Well, we got fish. Any kind of fish you like-- flounder, halibut, cod, fried --

BABY

How about carp?

MENASHA

Carp? You know, that's a very good idea. That's just what I would like right now-- a carp. In fact, a couple of carps would take care of all three of you.

BABY

Well, have you got any?

MENASHA ~~(RISING)~~

No, but I'll get some. It'll take a minute.

(STARTS FOR PHONE)

BABY

Aw, forget it. We ain't got the time to wait.

MENASHA

(PUTTING OUT LIKE DOC)

Listen, when Doc wants you to have carps, you'll have carps. Any questions?

All. (ad lib) Okay - Sure.

(THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER WARILY AND NOD NO. TRIUMPHANTLY, HE CONTINUES TO PHONE AND PICKS UP, STARTS TO DIAL)

Good. I'll call the ~~market~~ fish place and they'll send them right over.

(BEGIN SLIDE OVER TO SPLIT-SCREEN HALF-SHOT CU OF BOTH SIDES)

(WE HEAR THE PHONE RINGING ON FILTER. ~~AS SPLIT-SCREEN IS ESTABLISHED,~~ SERGEANT KELLY IS ON PHONE, IN OFFICER'S UNIFORM)

KELLY

First Precinct, Sergeant Kelly speaking.

MENASHA

Hello. Kelly's Fish Market?

KELLY

No, no. This is the First Precinct of Police. Sergeant Kelly speaking. ~~You must have the wrong number.~~

MENASHA

~~No.~~ Well, listen, Mr. Kelly, this is Mr. Menasha of Mrs. Davis Restaurant. I want you should send me over a carp. a real big carp

KELLY

No, you don't understand, sir. This is a police station, not a fish market.

MENASHA

Oh, pretty good, Mr. Kelly. And how is the wife and the ~~kids~~? mother-in-law?

KELLY

Huh? Mother-in-law?

MENASHA

Sixteen stitches, ~~tch-tch.~~

~~Terrible.~~ I'm glad it's nothing serious.

BABY (FROM OFF)

Come on, Doc, hurry it up.

LOSEY = Yeah. but ain't got all night!

MENASHA

Listen, Mr. Kelly. Maybe you better send a couple of carps. And rush them right over here.

KELLY

Look, sir, you don't -- wait, hold on.

(KELLY CUPS HAND OVER RECEIVER, TURNS HEAD AND TALKS TO SOMEONE OFF, OUT OF THE FRAME)

KELLY

Excuse me, Detective, but I think I've got a crank on the phone here-- a Mr. Menasha--

DETECTIVE

(OUT OF FRAME)

Well, get rid of-- wait a minute! Did you say Mr. Menasha?

KELLY

That's right, sir.

DETECTIVE

(STILL OUT OF FRAME)

Let me talk to him.

(SERGEANT MOVES OUT OF FRAME, HANDING PHONE TO DETECTIVE. HE IS THE MAN FROM SCENE ONE.)

Hello, this is Detective Flynn.

MENASHA

(WHO HAS BEEN MAKING MOTIONS THAT THW FISH ARE ON THE WAY AND THAT HE IS LISTENING TO A LONG STORY)

Listen, Mr. Kelly - In my Restaurant, right now, I got some very bad fish so please send me a couple of nice ~~fresh~~ lig. carps.

DETECTIVE

Look here, ~~Mr.~~ Menasha, what is it you're trying to say?

MENASHA

Listen if you don't send some carps over right away - my customers will kill me.

DETECTIVE(SUSPECTING)

Is somebody threatening you? Is that it?

MENASHA

You are 100% right, Mr. Kelly.

DETECTIVE

I get it. You keep talking.

MENASHA

Well, like I told you before, Mr. Kelly, I need some carps to take care of a mob I have here.

DETECTIVE

You want some cops down there to take care of a mob? What mob?

MENASHA

Listen, Mr. Kelly, I wouldn't argue with you about price, but after all the business I gave you, ~~if you couldn't baby me a little, then who needs it?~~ I don't know why you're treating me like a baby.

DETECTIVE

The BABY mob? Great. You stall 'em. I'll be down with my boys right away.

MENASHA

~~That~~ Thank you very much, Mr. Kelly. And-- oh -- Mr. Kelly?

DETECTIVE

Yeah -- what else?

(BEGIN TO WIPE SPLIT TO FULL SCREEN CU OF MENASHA)

MENASHA

Say hello to your Mother-in-law. Goodbye.

(HE HANGS UP AND COMES BACK STAGE CENTER)

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

Wait until you see these carps. You'll never forget them.

LOGEY

This whole deal smells fishy to me.

MENASHA

Why shouldn't it? It's carp.

BABY

You know, I don't like the way this caper shapes up, ~~either.~~

SAM

Yeah, shape.

(BABY STEPS OVER IN FRONT OF MENASHA. SHE IS IN DEAD EARNEST)

MENASHA

(AS SHE STANDS ALONGSIDE HIM)

Yeah, shape.

BABY

Listen, Doc , I'm gonna ask you a question, and you better level with me.

MENASHA

(LOOKING UP AT HER)

If you'll bend down, I'll level with you.

BABY

Who helped you pull that insurance job?

MENASHA

Insurance job? I did it myself. I'm a firm believer in insurance and when I had enough money I went out and bought myself a policy.

BABY

I thought so. Sam, cover him.

(SAM STANDS AND COVERS MENASHA WITH GUN)

Logey, frisk him.

(LOGEY COMES AROUND AND STARTS GOING OVER HIM)

MENASHA

(REACTING TICKLISHLY)

Please, sto-- don't-- I'm ticklish-- what is this-- a joke?

BABY

It's no joke!

LOGEY

No gun on him. What's the pitch, Baby?

BABY

This guy ain't Doc Kreigmeyer. He's a phony.

LOGEY

Shall we let him have it?

BABY

Not until we get our 50 back.

BABY

You little two-bit crook! You tried to pan yourself off as Kreigmeyer.

MENASHA

That's a lie!--A contageous lie!

BABY

I want that 50 G's we gave you. Where's that brief case?

MENASHA

(SEMI-HEROIC)

I wouldn't tell you!

LOGEY (MENACINGLY)

~~Shall~~ I'll let him have it?

MENASHA

Make up your mind. She wants me to give it back and you want to let me have it.

BABY

You gonna give us back the 50 G's?

MENASHA

Absolutely not.

LOGEY (RELISHING THIS)

I'll break your arms, I'll break your legs, I'll knock out all your teeth, I'll black your eyes, I'll break your nose, and I'll put a hole in your head.

BABY

Now, whaddaya say?

MENASHA

(MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT)

Do me something!

BABY

I'll give you one more chance! Now, sing and sing loud!

MENASHA (SINGING)

What can I say, dear, after I say I'm sorry-- loud enough?

BABY

Okay, Logey. Let him have it!

(LOGEY REACHES FOR MENASHA AND THEY START TO SCUFFLE AS THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND THE COPS COME IN, WITH DRAWN GUNS. THERE ARE TWO COPS, ONE OF WHOM IS SERGEANT KELLY)

KELLY

All right, you crooks, reach! Don't move or we'll shoot.

MENASHA

(DISENTANGLED FROM LOGEY)

All right, Logey - ~~Yeah~~, drop the gun, ~~Logey~~!

KELLY

All right, Flanagan, take 'em away.

(FLANAGAN STARTS HERDING THEM TOGETHER)

~~FLANAGAN~~ (TO MENASHA)

All right, Shorty, you too.

Let's go.

MENASHA

Me? ~~You don't want me. I'm not with them.~~ I'm not Shorty! I'm Menasha.

BABY

(QUICKLY, VICIOUSLY)

It's no use, Doc Kreigmeyer.

They got you. ~~You might as well give up.~~

MENASHA

What kind of Doc Kreigmeyer?

I'm Menasha.

KELLY

Doc. Kreigmeyer! Boy what a haul this is. I better take him myself.

(HE HANDCUFFS MENASHA TO HIMSELF)

MENASHA

But I'm Menasha- ask anybody- ask Mrs. Davis- she's in the kitchen --Mrs. Davis--Mrs. Davis--

MRS. DAVIS

(COMING OUT OF KITCHEN)

I've stood just about enough.

(More)

DETECTIVE

(COMING IN FROM THE STREET)

Everything taken care of boys?

KELLY

(WAVING HANDCUFFED HAND)

Yeah. And you know who this is, Chief? Doc Kreigmeyer.

DETECTIVE

Great.

MENASHA (TO DETECTIVE)

You're a chief?

KELLY

Yeah...Chief of Detectives.

MENASHA

He's a detective? You're a detective?

KELLY

All right - let's go
~~Come on~~ Doc Kreigmeyer.

DETECTIVE

Wait a minute, Kelly. That's not Doc Kreigmeyer. That's Menasha the manager. Let him go.

MENASHA

Thank you, chief, for saving my life.

DETECTIVE

Oh, I guess you were afraid of getting a police record, Menasha?

MENASHA

No, it isn't that. I was just worried in case you take my fingerprints. You know how some people take a bad picture?

DETECTIVE

Yeah?

MENASHA

I take such a bad fingerprint.

DETECTIVE

You'll feel even better when I tell you you're going to get a reward of 500 dollars for helping capture the Baby Mob.

MENASHA (~~CALLING OFF~~)

~~Mrs. Davis!~~ We got 500 dollars. We don't need a partner, now.

MENASHA (Cont)

Sit down, Mr. Detective. Sit down - why don't you sit down?

DETECTIVE

Is that your table?

MENASHA

Sure. I'll fix you a meal like you never saw in your life. On the house. What would you like to have?

DETECTIVE

Well, I'll have a nice piece of cantaloupe, and a nice steak with french fried potatoes, and a cup of coffee.

MENASHA

Why don't you take a plate of soup?

DETECTIVE

Why?

MENASHA

'Cause I like soup.

DETECTIVE

You like soup!

MENASHA

I like soup.

DETECTIVE

All right, bring me some vegetable soup.

MENASHA

I couldn't recommend the vegetable soup.- Why don't you take some consomme soup.

DETECTIVE

All right! Bring me the consomme!

MENASHA

How would you like the consomme?

DETECTIVE

(BURIES HEAD IN ARMS ON THE TABLE)

Oh - no!

(MENASHA GENTLY PATS HIS HEAD)

MENASHA

You can have it with crackers, with noodles, or with rice.

FADE OUT - MUSIC

END

Mimeo'd by Netzer

G. Foster

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

August 7, 1950

Written by

MORT GREEN
and
GEORGE FOSTER

Produced by: MARTIN GOODMAN

Directed by: VINCENT J. DONEHUE

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

THE SET: RESTAURANT.

(TWO TABLES. AT ONE TABLE ARE SEATED A YOUNG INTERNE AND HIS GIRL FRIEND. AT THE OTHER TABLE IS A MAN. MENASHA ENTERS SINGING "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING", CROSSES AND EXITS INTO KITCHEN. AFTER A SHORT PAUSE, HE ENTERS FROM KITCHEN AND BEGINS TO CROSS TO EXIT, SINGING "OH, WHAT A TERRIBLE MORNING" WITH MRS. DAVIS FOLLOWING HIM. SHE CATCHES HIM STAGE CENTER AND SWINGS HIM AROUND BY HIS COLLAR.)

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha!

MENASHA

(HANGING FROM HER ARM)

Are you calling me, Mrs. Davis?

MRS. DAVIS

(LETTING HIM GO)

I just want to know one thing. Can you tell me why you've been late every morning this week?

MENASHA

I haven't been feeling well, Mrs. Davis. So every night this week I stayed up till 5 o'clock in the morning trying to figure out what ailed me.

MRS. DAVIS

You mean you've been up until five o'clock every morning trying to figure it out? So what is wrong with you?

MENASHA

I came to the conclusion that I'm not getting enough sleep.

MRS. DAVIS

(REMOVING APRON)

Well, I've got some shopping to do. Take over the cash register. I'll be right back.

MENASHA

Don't worry. I'll take care. I know all about money. I got a friend, he's in the numbers business.

MRS. DAVIS

(ON WAY TO DOOR .... STOPS)

What.....a racketeer?

MENASHA

No, an accountant.

(MRS. DAVIS EXITS. MENASHA FLITS

(More)

BACK AROUND THE COUNTER, BUSIES HIMSELF. ONE OF THE MEN COMES OVER TO COUNTER.)

MENASHA

Yes, sir. What could I do for you?

MAN

I'd like to pay but I didn't get a check.

MENASHA

(PULLING OUT A SMALL ADDING MACHINE)

All right. What did you have?

MAN

Piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee.

MENASHA

(ADDING ON MACHINE)

Piece of apple pie....

(WORKS UP A LONG PIECE OF ADDING MACHINE PAPER.)

MAN

Look, all I had was a piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee--

MENASHA

Oh, coffee, too?

(RESUMES ADDING MACHINE BIZ, WORKS UP LONG ROLL, TEARS IT OUT OF MACHINE)

There we are.

MAN

How much is it?

MENASHA

Wait. I'll add it.

(RUNS PAPER THRU HIS HANDS, ADDING IT. HIS LIPS MOVE SILENTLY)

Twenty-six cents.

MAN

At last. Here's a dollar.

MENASHA

A dollar. Very good. Seventy-four cents change.

(RINGS IT UP ON CASH REGISTER. LOOKS FOR CHANGE BUT DOESN'T HAVE IT.)

I'm sorry. I only have seventy-three or seventy-five.

MAN

So?

MENASHA

Do you have a penny? If you'll give me a penny, I'll give you seventy-five cents and we'll be even.

MAN

I don't have a penny.

MENASHA

You don't have a penny. Oh, that's too bad. You see, I can't give you seventy-five cents. ~~Mrs. Davis would get mad.~~

MAN

Look, Mr. I'm in a hurry. I'll settle for 73 cents.

MENASHA

Oh, no. I should short change [redacted] Don't do that, because then Menasha will be short a penny.

MAN

But I don't have a penny.

MENASHA

So here. I'll lend you a penny.

(HANDS HIM PENNY FROM CASH REGISTER)

Now you give me the penny and I'll give you seventy-five cents.

(BIZ)

MAN

Okay, thanks.

(STARTS TO GO)

MENASHA

Wait a minute. Now you owe me a penny.

MAN

But I don't have a penny.

MENASHA

So I'll give you back the dollar and you'll give me back the seventy-five cents--

(BIZ)

and now you owe me twenty-six cents. Right?

MAN

Yeah.

MENASHA

So you give me the dollar --

(BIZ)

and now I owe you 74 cents.
But I only have seventy-three
or 75.

MAN

So?

MENASHA

Do you have a five dollar bill?

MAN

No.

MENASHA

I have a five dollar bill. So
I'll lend it to you.

(BIZ)

Now, you owe me five dollars and
I owe you 74 cents. So you
really owe me four dollars and
26 cents. So if you'll give me
the five dollars I'll give you
74 cents and we'll be even.

MAN

That's right.

MENASHA

But I don't have 74. I only
have 73 or 75.

MAN

So?

MENASHA

Do you have ten dollars?

MAN

No.

MENASHA

I have a ten dollar bill. And
I'll lend it to you.

(BIZ)

Now you owe me ten dollars.
And I owe you 74 cents. But
I only have 73 or 75. [redacted]

MAN

No.

MENASHA

[redacted]

(BIZ)

[redacted]

I'll tell you what I'll do.
I'll give you 73 cents and I'll
owe you a penny.

(BIZ)

MAN (PERPLEXED)

Wait a minute---

MENASHA

What's the matter, you can't

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

trust me for a penny? You'll come in tomorrow and I'll give it to you. Okay?

MAN (PERPLEXED)

Yeah-- yeah, I guess so. I'm in a hurry today. I'll come in tomorrow and straighten it out.

(STARTS FOR EXIT, FINGERING THE MONEY IN BEWILDERMENT)

MENASHA (SUDDENLY)

Just a minute, Mister, where do you think you're going?

(COMES OUT FROM BEHIND COUNTER AND STARTS AFTER HIM. MAN STOPS GUILTILY.)

MAN

Huh?

MENASHA

How do you like it? I almost forgot to give you back the dollar you gave me before. What are you trying to do-- make everybody think that I ~~Menasha~~ cheated you?

MAN

No, no, of course not. I just thought--

MENASHA

Here's your dollar back and (More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

you wouldn't be able to have anything on me.

(BIZ)

And remember-- come back tomorrow and I'll give you the penny I owe you.

MAN

(COMPLETE DEFEAT)

Yeah-- yeah-- sure.

(EXITS)

MENASHA

Some people are so careless with money --

(COMES OVER TO TABLE WITH BOY AND GIRL)

Hello, Miss Martin. Hello, Dr. Brown.

BOTH

Hello, Menasha.

MENASHA

So what's with the lovebirds? When can I expect an invitation to the wedding?

DOC (QUICKLY, ANGRILY)

Invitation? Wedding?

MENASHA

Did I say something wrong? Yesterday Miss Martin was telling me that it wouldn't be long--

(CLIP TO BOY AND GIRL ~~AT TABLE WHO~~ enter ARE EVIDENTLY IN THE MIDST OF AN ARGUMENT)

DOC

(A BEAT BEFORE CAMERA PICKS UP)

-- and that's the story, Dorothy. You'll just have to accept the situation.

DOROTHY

But I don't want to accept it, Harry!

(SHE STARTS TO RISE AS MENASHA COMES OVER)

MENASHA

Hello, Miss Martin. Hello, Dr. Brown.

BOTH

Hello, Menasha.

DOC

But, Dorothy, I thought it was clearly understood that we'd wait until I finished my interneship. I don't make enough now to get married on.

DOROTHY

Why don't you say it? Why don't you admit you don't want to marry me at all?

MENASHA

So what's with the lovebirds? When can I expect an invitation to the wedding?

DOROTHY

(SHE RISES)

There's not going to be a wedding!

(GOES TO TABLE AT OTHER END OF SET)

I know when I'm not wanted.

(SITS AND TURNS FACE FROM CAMERA, EVIDENTLY HIDING TEARS)

MENASHA

(TO DOC)

What's the matter, Doctor? Something is wrong?

DOC

She wants to get married, so do I - but I think it's out of the question right now. I can't afford it.

MENASHA

Oh, come on, Doc, be a sport. Get married. What will it hurt? You'll get married, settle down, raise a family -- and if that doesn't work out you can try something else.

DOC

Let me ask you the same question I've asked Dorothy. Can a fellow get married on thirty-two fifty a week?

MENASHA

What else can a fellow do on thirty-two fifty a week?

MENASHA (Cont'd)

(COMES CLOSE TO HIM, PUTS ARM AROUND HIS SHOULDER)

Come on, Doc. Make up with her.

DOC

Well, all right. I'm willing to make up with her, if she's willing to make up with me.

MENASHA

So go over and tell her.

DOC

Suppose she doesn't want to talk to me? You tell her.

MENASHA

All right.

(TROTS OVER TO GIRL'S TABLE)

He says he is willing to make up with you if you're willing to make up with him.

DOROTHY (NOSE IN AIR)

H'umph!

MENASHA

Do this the ~~Any~~ return message?

DOROTHY

I'll make up with him if he agrees to set a date for our wedding.

MENASHA

I'll tell him.

(TROTS OVER TO BOY'S TABLE)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

She says she'll make up with you if you set a date for the wedding.

(SITS NEXT TO DOC)

Now, I think a good date would be --

DOC

No. Absolutely no!

MENASHA

(RISES AND TROTS OVER TO GIRL'S TABLE)

No. Positively no!

DOROTHY

Then forget it!

MENASHA

(BACK TO DOC)

Forget it!

DOC

Okay!

MENASHA

(BACK TO DOROTHY)

Okay!

DOROTHY

Fine!

MENASHA

(BACK TO DOC)

Fine!

DOC

Good!

MENASHA (BREATHING HEAVILY)

Please ~~Look, either make up or~~ use longer sentences. I can't catch my breath!

DOC

Well, you tell her she's just gonna have to wait until I'm making more money. I'm only starting as a doctor.

MENASHA

(BACK TO DOROTHY)

You'll have to wait until more people get sick.

DOROTHY

That's just an excuse. The bright young doctor is just tired of me and wants to get rid of me.

MENASHA

(BACK TO DOC)

She says you're a tired doctor. She's glad she's rid of you.

DOC

Well, if she's foolish ~~stupid~~ enough to say that, I'm glad I found out about it now.

(MENASHA BACK TO DOROTHY, BUT SHE'S UP ON HER FEET NOW, FACING DOC)

DOROTHY

Go ahead, call me names -- insult me! I can think of a few names myself, you know!

DOC

(TALKING DIRECTLY TO HER NOW, TOO)

I wouldn't be surprised!

MENASHA

(CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE)

Say, wait a minute, what are you trying to do -- eliminate the middle-man?

DOROTHY

(COMING TO CENTER)

Harry -- we're acting like a couple of kids. It's silly for me to argue. Can't you understand why I want to get married now? We've been going together for a year. I love you and you love me.

MENASHA

(GLAD TO SEE LOVE BLOOMING AGAIN)

See -- it comes out even.

DOROTHY

I feel we ought to get married now and take our chances on the future. Otherwise my parents will make me go back home to Illinois.

MENASHA

That's near Chicago.

DOROTHY

I know you don't have money, but there are other things in life besides money.

MENASHA

Yeah, but they all cost money.

DOC

That's what I keep telling her.

DOROTHY

Well, we'll get along without them.

DOC

But I don't even make enough to get along on at all.

MENASHA

All right, so you're not making much now. But with her to nag you, you'll soon be rich.

(PAUSE)

Come on, Doctor, what do you say?

DOC

I -- I can't do it. If you want to wait, honey, why--

DOROTHY (TEARFULLY)

Don't honey me! Just forget the whole thing.

(TAKING RING OFF FINGER)

DOROTHY (Cont'd)

And here's something to help you forget. You can have your ring back. Goodbye!

(THROWS RING ON TABLE, AND EXITS CRYING)

MENASHA

(AFTER SHE EXITS)

You think she's mad?

DOC

I love her very much, Menasha, but what can I do? If she loves me-- she'll just have to wait!

(EXITS ANGRILY)

MENASHA

(PICKING UP RING)

Hey, Doctor, wait a minute. You forgot your ring!

(RUNS TO DOOR AND MRS. DAVIS ENTERS AND THEY BUMP INTO EACH OTHER)

Oops-- excuse me, Mrs. Davis, (Excuse) I didn't look where I was going, and I didn't go where I was looking.

MRS. DAVIS

(COMING TO COUNTER AND PUTTING SOME PACKAGES DOWN)

Anything happen while I was away?

MENASHA

No. It was very quiet.

(PAUSE)

Oh, yeah. That nice little Miss Martin was here with her boy-friend, Doctor Brown. ~~that reminds me, we better order some more celery tonic.~~

MRS. DAVIS

~~I'm glad you reminded me.~~ What's new with Miss Martin and the Doctor?

MENASHA

A funny thing happened. They were sitting here ~~eating~~ talking and all of a sudden the Doctor didn't feel good.

MRS. DAVIS

Did something disagree with him?

MENASHA

Yeah. Miss Martin.

MRS. DAVIS

What happened?

MENASHA

They had an argument and she threw his diamond ring on the table and ran out.

MRS. DAVIS

Oh. Did he follow her?

MENASHA

No. He ran out, jumped in his ambulance and drove away.

MRS. DAVIS

Without the ring? Why didn't you follow him?

MENASHA

You want I should be an ambulance chaser?

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, is that the ring? Let me see it?

(HE HANDS IT TO HER)

Umm -- it's nice. In very good taste.

MENASHA

You think this is a nice ring? You should have seen a diamond ring I bought once. Ten karats.

MRS. DAVIS

You bought a genuine 10 karat diamond ring?

MENASHA

~~Of course it was~~ genuine. I paid enough for it. Fifteen dollars.

MRS. DAVIS

~~You paid fifteen dollars for a genuine ten karat diamond ring?~~ That's ridiculous. (More)

MRS. DAVIS (Cont)

Genuine diamonds are worth a thousand dollars a karat. How could you get a 10 Karat ring ~~so cheap?~~ for $15?

MENASHA

The man said it was a used diamond.

MRS. DAVIS

Never mind. What are you going to do about this ring?

MENASHA

Nothing. It's not my size.

MRS. DAVIS

I think you ought to return it to Miss Martin, Menasha. A girl in her frame of mind....she could do anything. So emotionally upset

MENASHA

Believe me, I'm worried about her, too, ~~He in a girl's hotel room? Oh - no, I couldn't do that.~~ but I wouldn't go into a girl's hotel room.

MRS. DAVIS

Don't be silly, Menasha, She may need help - You go right over ~~now~~ and see her, now!

MENASHA

All right. I got an idea. I'll fix her up a little snack that'll make her feel better. A chocolate fudge sundae with whipped cream...and because she didn't eat ~~have~~ anything ~~to eat~~, I'll put it on pumpernickel bread.

MRS. DAVIS

A chocolate fudge sundae with

(More)

MRS. DAVIS (Cont'd)

whipped cream on pumpernickel bread?

That's ridiculous.

MENASHA

You're right. I'll change it

to white bread.

(BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: HOTEL ROOM, TWO WINDOWS. MISS MARTIN AT WINDOW WITH BACK TO CAMERA. SHE IS EVIDENTLY CRYING. SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. PAUSE. KNOCK ON DOOR.)

MENASHA (OFF)

Miss Martin! Miss Martin!

It's me-- Menasha.

(MISS MARTIN DOESN'T ANSWER. AFTER A SHORT PAUSE THE DOOR STARTS TO OPEN AND MENASHA PEEKS IN. HE SEES HER AT WINDOW AND IMMEDIATELY THINKS THE WORST)

Miss Martin! Don't do it!

(STARTS QUICKLY TOWARD HER)

It isn't worth it!

(HE PUSHES HER AWAY FROM IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW WHICH IS OPEN AND STANDS IN FRONT OF IT HIMSELF ARMS OUTSTRETCHED.)

DOROTHY

(DOESN'T UNDERSTAND)

What? I don't --

MENASHA

It's a good thing I came here in time!

DOROTHY

What are you talking about?

MENASHA

~~What am I talking about?~~ A nice young girl like you who just had a violent argument ~~and separated~~ with the boy friend and now you're standing in front of an open window? Listen, I can put 2 and 2 together and get twenty two, and if you jump from the twenty second floor they'll never be able to put you together.

DOROTHY

(BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND)

You mean you thought I --

MENASHA

(CLIMBING UP ON WINDOW SILL)

Listen, you can't fool me. I understand something like this. First you get up on the window, then you step outside --

(MOVING OUT ON LEDGE)

DOROTHY (HORRIFIED)

Menasha! Look out! Come back inside.

MENASHA

Then you change your mind and try to come back inside--

(PUTS ONE FOOT BACK OVER SILL INTO ROOM)

-- but you can't make it. You fall!

(HE FALLS BACK BEHIND WINDOW. NOW ONLY HIS HANDS SHOW ON WINDOW SILL.)

DOROTHY (HORRIFIED, SCREAMS)

Menasha!

MENASHA

(HIS HEAD SLOWLY COMES UP OVER THE SILL)

Yes?

DOROTHY

Come in here!! This minute!

MENASHA (WEAKLY)

I can't.

(HIS HEAD SLOWLY DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE SILL)

DOROTHY (TERRIFIED)

Menasha!

(HIS HANDS SLOWLY SLIP OFF THE SILL AND DISAPPEAR. DOROTHY SCREAMS, BURIES HER HEAD IN HER HANDS, SITS DOWN AND BEGINS TO SOB BITTERLY. AFTER A SHORT PAUSE TWO HANDS APPEAR ON THE OTHER WINDOW SILL, FOLLOWED

(More)

BY MENASHA'S HEAD AND BODY AS HE LIFTS HIMSELF ONTO THE LEDGE AND COMES INTO THE ROOM BRUSHING HIMSELF OFF. HE SEES DOROTHY CRYING AND COMES UP BEHIND HER)

DOROTHY

(DOESN'T SEE HIM, SOBBING INTO HER HANDKERCHIEF)

Oh, why did he do it? He had everything to live for. He was such a wonderful man--

MENASHA (ECHOING)

A wonderful man...

DOROTHY

He had a heart of gold--

MENASHA

A heart of gold....

DOROTHY

And such a funny little face --

MENASHA

A heart of gold....

DOROTHY

(PICKING UP HEAD, SEES HIM, TAKE)

Menasha! You -- but I thought you -- oh, Menasha-- I'm so glad to see you...

(EMBRACES HIM IN RELIEF, HE SHOWS EMBARRASSMENT)

Aw, what's the matter, Menasha?

(More)

REVISED

DOROTHY

(LOOKS UP, SEES HIM, TAKE)

Menasha! You -- but I thought you -- how did you ever get back?

MENASHA (MATTER OF FACT)

Oh, there's a ledge there between the windows so I just climbed back in.

DOROTHY (GREAT RELIEF)

Oh, Menasha, I'm so glad -- I thought something happened -- I'm so glad you're safe --

(EMBRACES HIM, HE SHOWS EMBARRASSMENT)

~~Aw, what's the matter, Menasha~~?

DOROTHY (Cont'd)

Are you bashful? You can give me a ~~fatherly~~ kiss, can't you?

MENASHA

That's just it, Miss Martin. I'm at that awkward age-- I can't give you a fatherly kiss and I can't give you a ~~one~~ that means anything.

DOROTHY

Well, I'm glad that's all over. What in the world ever made you think I would do anything so drastic as jumping out of a window?

MENASHA

Well, ~~after the argument you had with the Doctor in the store, and I know you are so much in love--~~ and you looked so sad--

DOROTHY

Oh, of course I'm sad, Menasha, ~~I'm very much in love with~~ Harry -- Doctor Brown. But the ~~important~~ thing that was worrying me -- well, you see, my folks just came into town and they're coming over here tonight. They expect to meet my boy friend. I told them he was a doctor, and that we were going

(More)

DOROTHY (Cont'd)

to be married. But now, they'll think I was lying to them and they'll make me go home with them --

(BREAKING DOWN AGAIN)

-- and I'll probably lose Harry for good.

MENASHA

You mean your father and mother are coming here tonight?

DOROTHY

Nine o'clock.

MENASHA

And they expected to meet your boy-friend, the Doctor?

DOROTHY

Yes.

MENASHA

That's too bad. I wish I could help you.

DOROTHY

If I could only get somebody -- just for tonight -- to introduce to my parents.

MENASHA

That's right. And after they're gone you can make up again with Dr. Brown.

REVISED

MENASHA

~~Well, let me see~~. We need a ~~boy~~ young man who could look like a doctor and make a good appearance. ~~And we need him right away.~~ But whom shall we get?

~~(DEEP THOUGHT)~~

~~Who could we get~~?

DOROTHY

(DEEP THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT, THEN SUDDENLY)

Wait a minute --

(LOOKS STRANGELY AT MENASHA, STARTS TOWARD HIM)

MENASHA

(GATHERING WHAT'S COMING, ALARMED)

Oh, no -- please --

DOROTHY

Why not, Menasha?

MENASHA (FLABBERGASTED, FUMBLING)

It wouldn't be good -- believe me.

DOROTHY

Please, Menasha, you've got to help me --

MENASHA

But you need somebody who looks like a doctor. I don't look like a doctor. I don't even look like a nurse.

DOROTHY

Menasha, please, I have no one else to turn to. You've been like a ~~father~~ brother to me.

MENASHA

Like a ~~father,~~ brother yes. But like a doctor I can't be.

DOROTHY

Menasha, try it. Just try it this once. What have you got to lose?

MENASHA

My mind.

DOROTHY

Then you'll do it, Menasha?

MENASHA

I don't know. What you really need is somebody should be as good-looking as Montgomery Clift and as strong as Mike Mazurki.

DOROTHY

Well, ~~to me Menasha, you're as good-looking as Montgomery Clift and as strong as Mike Mazurki~~.

MENASHA

~~No~~ I'm as strong as Montgomery Clift and as good-looking as Mike Mazurki.

DOROTHY

Come on, Menasha, say you'll do it.

MENASHA = Believe me - I'd love to do it for you.
~~All right. All right. I'll do it.~~

DOROTHY

Oh, Menasha, you're a dream-boat.

(STARTS TO EMBRACE HIM.

Oh, I could kiss you.

MENASHA

(MOVING AWAY)

Uh--uh, don't do it -- germs.

DOROTHY

See, you sound like a doctor already.

MENASHA

Some doctor. Suppose somebody gets sick and asks me for an advice. What could I tell them?

DOROTHY

Why -- why -- just make up something.

MENASHA

Maybe you're right. That's what doctors do!

(BLACKOUT)

MENASHA

No, but I'm as strong as Montgomery Clift and as good-looking as Mike Mazurki!

(BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: HOTEL ROOM)

(AT OPENING, MR. AND MRS. MARTIN ARE SEATED ON STUDIO COUCH OR SOFA UP FRONT WITH DOROTHY ON ARM CHAIR)

MR. MARTIN

(MOPPING HIS BROWN WITH HANDKERCHIEF)

It's very warm in here. Very bad for my blood pressure. Isn't it warm, my dear?

MOTHER

(MEANING YES)

M'mmm.....

MR. MARTIN

(GLANCING AT HIS WATCH)

Well, it's 9:02½.. where is this brilliant young doctor of yours? I'd like to talk to him -- ask him a few questions. Wouldn't you, Mother?

MOTHER

(MEANING YES)

M'mmm.....

DOROTHY

He should be here any minute, father. And please don't be harsh with him.

MR. MARTIN

Harsh? Certainly not. I'd like to have a doctor in the family, but I want to make sure he's a good one. After all, I'm a very sick man.

(PUTS HAND TO CHEST, GRIMACES)

I don't think that dinner was so good. I'm getting indigestion.

Mother = M'mmm -

DOROTHY

I know you and Mother will like him, as soon as you find out everything about him.

(you may feel a little strange)

MR. MARTIN

If he can find out everything about me, I'll love him.

(TURNS HIS COLLAR UP)

Now I feel cold. Must be my rheumatism.

MR. MARTIN

I hope this young man is well-fixed, don't you, Mother?

MOTHER

(MEANING, OH, YES)

M'mmm.....

DOROTHY

Oh, father, that's all you're interested in -- money. After all money can't buy happiness.

MOTHER

(MEANING, YOU'RE SO RIGHT)

M'mm.....

MR. MARTIN

That's true, Dorothy, but on the other hand, happiness can't buy money. Isn't that right, dear?

MOTHER

(MEANING, UNFORTUNATELY THAT'S TRUE)

M'mm.....

MR. MARTIN

(STARTS MOPPING HIS BROW)

Now I'm warm again. Must be my gout.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

~~Will you take that, Mother?~~

~~It's~~ probably Dorothy's young man. Will you take it, Mother?

MOTHER

(MEANING: I'D LIKE TO)

M'mm.....

(MOTHER OPENS DOOR AND MENASHA ENTERS, WEARING CUTAWAY ASCOT, PINCE-NEZ, CARRYING LITTLE BLACK BAG)

MENASHA

Hello. ~~I'm the doctor.~~

MR. MARTIN
You are the doctor?

MENASHA
Doctor - not doctor - doctor.

MOTHER

~~(MEANING, THIS IS IT?)~~

~~M'mm.....?~~

DOROTHY

Darling, I'd like you to meet my father and mother. This is my fiance.

MENASHA

(BOWING AND SCRAPING BIZ. IN BROAD ENGLISH ACCENT)

Hello, Pa[redacted]. Hello, Ma[redacted].

MOTHER

(MEANING, ME?)

M'mmm...?

~~FATHER (INCREDULOUSLY)~~

~~Are you the young doctor my daughter wrote us about?~~

~~MENASHA~~

~~Young... Not young... young.~~

MR. MARTIN (FLUSTERED)

~~Yes.~~ Well, sit down, ~~If the~~ women will excuse us---

(LOOKING POINTEDLY AT WOMEN)

MOTHER

(MEANING, AW GEE)

M'mm.....

DOROTHY

Father, don't you think it's a little too soon to talk about--

MR. MARTIN

Certainly not. The sooner, the better.

DOROTHY = Well, all right father.

(RESIGNED, BUT FEARFUL OVER THE OUTCOME) MENASHA = Wait - I'll go with you. MR. MARTIN = no, doctor - you stay - we're going to have a man to man talk.

~~Well, all right, father.~~ DOROTHY Come along, Mother.

MOTHER

(MEANING, OH WELL)

M'mm.....

(DOROTHY AND MOTHER EXIT)

MR. MARTIN

(COMING UP FRONT)

Well, sit down, Son. Sit down.

(MENASHA LOOKS AROUND, REALIZES WHO HE MEANS, THEY SIT.)

MR. MARTIN

Now, tell me about yourself...

~~Who were your antecedents?~~

MENASHA

~~Antie Seeden? An Antie Seeden~~ Detet

~~I didn't have. An Aunt Sadie I had.~~

~~MR. MARTIN~~

~~No, No. I mean~~ -- what is your background? Were your people on the Mayflower with the Pilgrims?

MENASHA

No. But they were on the Ark with Noah.

MR. MARTIN

Yes. Now, from what my daughter has told me, I understand you started out as an endycrynologist.

MENASHA

No, I started out as a little boy.

MR. MARTIN

(FORCED LAUGH)

Well, didn't we all?

MENASHA

Your daughter didn't.

MR. MARTIN

Uh -- yes. Look here, my boy, after all, when a boy and girl are thinking of marriage, there are certain things-- well, you know how those things are.

MENASHA

No. How are they?

MR. MARTIN

I mean-- well, the facts of life. I guess your father explained to you about the birds and the bees.

MENASHA

No, with me he only went as far as artificial flowers.

MR. MARTIN

Well, maybe it'll work out all (More)

MR. MARTIN (Cont'd)

right. Uh -- tell me -- to what hospital do you belong?

MENASHA

Bellevue.

MR. MARTIN

Yes -- well -- tell me, doctor, is it true that the appendix is unnecessary?

MENASHA

For the patients, yes. But not to us doctors.

MR. MARTIN

right. Uh -- tell me -- just what sort of a doctor are you?

MENASHA

A practitioner.

MR. MARTIN

No, no, are you a general practitioner?

MENASHA

General Practitioner? I'm a doctor not a soldier.

MR. MARTIN

I mean can you diagnose a case correctly?

MENASHA

Can I diagnose? A question. Listen, you know the way with some doctors they treat you for pneumonia and you die of scarlet fever.

MR. MARTIN

Yes.

MENASHA

Well, I'm a doctor when I treat you for pneumonia you die of pneumonia.

MR. MARTIN

I imagine your patients must have a lot of confidence in you.

MENASHA

They certainly do. Many is the time I've had a patient at death's door and I pulled them through.

MR. MARTIN

Do you do operations? Are you a surgeon?

MENASHA

Sure, I cut anything. Liver, kidneys, brains--

MR. MARTIN

Uh-- yes. That must be very interesting.

MENASHA

Interesting is hardly the word. You should see the way some of my customers stand around and watch me chop up their liver.

MR. MARTIN

Your patients stand while you're cutting?

MENASHA

Of course. It's nothing new. We do all our cutting where the customer can see it.

MR. MARTIN

You don't say! What will they think of next?

MENASHA

You should have seen me yesterday. I cut up a tongue.

MR. MARTIN

You operated on a tongue yesterday? Was it difficult?

MENASHA

No. I used a slicing machine.

MR. MARTIN

Amazing! Tell me, Doctor, I imagine you're privileged to list many initials after your name, eh?

MENASHA

Initials?

MR. MARTIN

Yes, you know, like a [redacted] or an [redacted] -- AMCCP

MENASHA

Oh, sure, I got an R- A, R- A- G-G, M - O, M- O - P - P

MR. MARTIN

No, I mean, scientific degrees--

MENASHA

Oh, sure. I got a BS, a M S, a M D, a PH D -

MR. MARTIN

Four degrees- that's wonderful!

MENASHA

That's nothing. Tomorrow I'm getting a fifth.

MR. MARTIN

Really? What kind is the fifth?

MENASHA

V.O.

MR. MARTIN

~~Well~~, Doctor, before we go any further I want you to know that I'm pretty frank.

MENASHA

How do you do? I'm ~~magnificent~~ beautiful Menasha.

MR. MARTIN

No, what I mean is this. I'm a very sick man. But whenever I go to doctors they lie to me and tell me I'm perfectly healthy. However, I hope that you as my future son-in-law, can give me an examination and find something wrong with me.

MENASHA

Listen, after I get thru examining you there'll be plenty of things wrong with you.

MR. MARTIN

Good. Shall we get started?

MENASHA

Immediately.

(STARTS FUMBLING WITH HIS BAG)

The first thing I'll need is a monkey wrench.

MR. MARTIN

A monkey wrench? What for?

MENASHA

I can't get my bag open.

(FUMBLES WITH TOP, IT OPENS)

Oh, wait. It's all right. Here we are. Now, let's see. What do I need?

(TAKES OBJECTS OUT OF BAG AS MR. MARTIN BLANCHES. TAKES OUT LONG KNIFE, CLEAVER, SPOONS, FORKS, A GLASS ETC. FINALLY RUNS ACROSS STETHOSCOPE)

Here, we are. Stethoscope.

(PUTS IT IN HIS EARS AND COMES TO MR. MARTIN)

Now, tell me exactly what you think is wrong with you, Mr. Martin.

MR. MARTIN

Well, in the first place, I think I have a --

MENASHA

What? You'll have to talk louder.

(REALIZES HE HAS STETHOSCOPE IN HIS EARS AND REMOVES IT)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

Excuse me. Begin again.

MR. MARTIN

Well, I've been having trouble with my breathing.

MENASHA

Don't worry, ~~I'll soon put a stop to that.~~ this I'll stop.

MR. MARTIN

Thanks, son. Now, another thing. I'm afraid I'm carrying too much weight for my heart. Can you explain why I have such a tendency toward becoming fat?

~~MENASHA~~

~~Well, it could be an overactive pituitary gland. Or it could be an overactive thyroid. But it's probably an overactive appetite.~~

MR. MARTIN

You mean I should stop eating?

MENASHA

What then-- I should stop eating?

~~MR. MARTIN~~

~~But I can't do that.~~

MENASHA

Do you eat on an empty stomach?

MR. MARTIN

Why, yes -- I imagine so.

MENASHA

That's your trouble.

MENASHA

So do what I did when my doctor advised me to stop eating. I did the sensible thing.

MR. MARTIN

What was that?

MENASHA

I consulted doctors.

MR. MARTIN

Uh-- yes. Now, there's another thing that's bothering me. You see, I'm 50 years old and-- well, you know - I'd like to live another 40 years. try and live to be ninety. What helpful hints can you suggest?

MENASHA

Well, cut out smoking, cut out drinking, stay home, go to bed early every night.

MR. MARTIN

Well, I don't drink, I don't smoke, I stay home and I go to bed early every night.

MENASHA

So why do you want to live to be 90? another forty years?

MR. MARTIN

Maybe you're right. But I keep getting headaches.

(More)

[redacted] (Cont'd)

[redacted] Severe headaches. If I need surgery will you be able to operate on my head?

[redacted]

[redacted] Why not? I'm a bone [redacted]

MR. MARTIN

Uh- well, since you're going to be my son-in-law, will I get this operation at a special price?

MENASHA

For you I'll do the operation cut rate.

MR. MARTIN

That's very nice of you. The reason I ask is because I'm always worried about money.

MENASHA

I'll relieve you of that worry.

MR. MARTIN

Thank you.

MENASHA

Anything else I can give you an estimate on?

MR. MARTIN

Well, yes. I need exercise pretty badly. I'm feeling quite logey lately. Is there anything you can recommend?

MENASHA

Well, I had a friend with the same problem and my advice to him was as follows, quote: Every day after breakfast I made him take a five mile run.

MR. MARTIN

Five mile run -- yes--

MENASHA

And right after that I made him come home and chin 200 times.

MR. MARTIN

200 times-- yes--

MENASHA

And every day I made him do 4000 push-ups.

MR. MARTIN

4000 push-ups.

MENASHA

And he did this every day for three weeks.

MR. MARTIN

And how is he now?

MENASHA

I saw him yesterday and he looked beautiful, may he rest in peace.

MR. MARTIN

(A LITTLE BEWILDERED)

I imagine so. Well, Doctor, (More)

MR. MARTIN

now you've given me a pretty thorough examination. What do you think is basically wrong with me?

MENASHA

Well, I -- I really don't know how to say it --

MR. MARTIN

Go ahead, Doc, you can tell me if it's serious. I'm prepared for the worst.

MENASHA

Oh, it isn't that. It's just that I'm too embarrassed to tell you what's wrong with you. I don't feel I know you well enough.

MR. MARTIN

A w, come on, Doc. Can't you even ive me a hint?

MENASHA

Well, it begins with an S and ends with an X.

MR. MARTIN

My trouble begins with an S and ends with an X? You mean --

MENASHA

Exactly. Sickness Complex!

(DOROTHY AND MOTHER ENTER)

DOROTHY

Well, father, have you had enough of your man-to man talk? It's getting late and he has to be getting back to the hospital. Don't you darling?

MR. MARTIN

Yes, we've just about finished, Dorothy, and I must say your young man is quite an odd fellow.

MENASHA

Grand Concourse Lodge, Number 674.

MR. MARTIN

What? Oh, yes. However, I must admit that he is quite brilliant and intelligent, a hustler and go-getter-- in short-- a man of distinction.

MENASHA

Oh, no, I never touch the stuff.

DOROTHY

Well, good night, dear. I'll see you in the morning.

MR. MARTIN

You'll do nothing of the kind. I think we ought to settle the details of the wedding right now.

DOROTHY

Details? Wedding?

MR. MARTIN

Certainly. I see no reason why you two shouldn't get married right away, do you, Mother?

MOTHER

(MEANING, HAVE IT YOUR WAY)

M'mm.....

MENASHA

You mean it? You actually mean it, Mr. Martin? You want me to marry your daughter?

MR. MARTIN

Of course. Mother and I have to get back home immediately and before we go, we'd like to see you two kids married, right, Mother?

MOTHER

(MEANING, I GUESS SO)

M'mm.....

DOROTHY

But, father, you can't be serious. You don't understand.

MENASHA - You don't understand,

MR. MARTIN

What do you mean?

DOROTHY

Well- uh- this is so sudden. There's no time.

MENASHA

No time.

MR. MARTIN

Don't be silly. You've been going together for over a year now. That's time enough.

DOROTHY

But we don't have a license.

MENASHA

No license.

MR. MARTIN

I've thought of that.

DOROTHY

But we'll have to take a blood test.

MENASHA

No blood.

MR. MARTIN

I told you I had it all figured out. Mother and I'll drive you out to Maryland on our way home. You can be married down there.

DOROTHY

But-- but--

MR. MARTIN

Never let it be said that your

(More)

MAMR. MARTIN

Well, don't worry. I've got it all figured out. I'll call a friend of mine who can waive the law and get you married tonight.

DOROTHY

Who is that?

MR. MARTIN

A Supreme Court Justice.

MENASHA

No, please, Mr. Martin. Mrs. Martin, I appeal to you -- don't you think this is a little hasty.

MOTHER

Mmmm --

MENASHA

See - she agrees with me.

MR. MARTIN

Don't be silly. Where's the phone?

MENASHA

Listen, maybe we better wait. I always wanted a big wedding.

~~MR. MARTIN~~

~~What's wrong with a small one?~~

~~MENASHA~~

I ~~always wanted~~ wanna to be dressed as a bride.

MOTHER (MEANING: HUH?)

M'mm...?

REVISED

~~MENASHA~~

~~You know what I mean. A big wedding with ushers and bridesmaids, and relatives with presents, with rice and old soup.~~

MR. MARTIN

~~That would be very nice, I'm sure, Doctor, but~~ I'm afraid we'll have to settle for this.

(GOES TO PHONE)

MENASHA

(FOLLOWING HIM)

But you can -- what kind of a wedding would it be if I didn't bring my torso -

MR. MARTIN

You mean "trousseau" --

MENASHA

You forget I'm a doctor -- torso.

MR. MARTIN

Well, we'll just have to overlook that. True love will find a way.

(PICKS UP PHONE AND STARTS TO DIAL)

MENASHA

If you'll excuse, I got to make a call. I'll use the phone in the hall.

(EXITS)

MR. MARTIN (ON PHONE)

Hello. The Judge, please, Mr. Martin calling. (PAUSE)

(START TO FADE HIS VOICE INTO BG)

MR. MARTIN (Cont'd)

Hello, Bill. This is Tom. Fine, Bill...

(WE ARE ON DOROTHY AND HER MOTHER. WE HEAR MR. MARTIN VERY FAINTLY IN THE BG)

DOROTHY

Mother, this is all a big mistake.

MOTHER

(MEANING: WHAT!)

M'mm....!

DOROTHY

Can't you get Father to listen to reason?

MOTHER

(MEANING: ARE YOU KIDDING?)

M'mm.,..

DOROTHY

He doesn't know what he's doing. There's something you don't know.

MOTHER

(MEANING: LIKE WHAT?)

M'mm....?

DOROTHY

Well, you see --

(FATHER FINISHES CALL AND COMES INTO FRAME)

MR. MARTIN

(RUBBING HIS HANDS)

Well, everything's all settled. He'll be over in 15 minutes.

MR. MARTIN (Cont'd)

(TO DOROTHY)

I'll bet you're happy, my dear.

MOTHER

(MEANING: OH, YES)

M'mmmm....

MR. MARTIN

Not you. -- Dorothy.

MOTHER

(MEANING: OH, EXCUSE ME)

M'mmmm....

DOROTHY

Father, this has gone far enough. I think you ought to know that --

(MENASHA ENTERS SINGING "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL EVENING")

MR. MARTIN

Well, son, I see you're in good spirits, which is more than I can say for my daughter. Maybe she's a little worried about how good a husband you'll make. We want you to take good care of our little girl, don't we, Mother?

MOTHER

(MEANING: BY ALL MEANS)

M'mm....

MENASHA

Oh, she doesn't have to worry. I'll be a good husband. I'll be better

MENASHA (Cont'd)

than a husband. I'll be a friend.

MR. MARTIN

Good boy!

MOTHER

(MEANING: OH, FINE!)

M'mm...

MENASHA

In the evening when I come home from work we'll do the supper dishes together. I'll wash them and she'll sweep them up.

MR. MARTIN

Good boy!

MOTHER

(MEANING: OH, FINE!)

M'mm...

MENASHA

And we'll be so happy together -- the four of us.

MR. MARTIN

The four of you?

MENASHA

She, me, the television set and the repair man.

MOTHER

(MEANING: OH, FINE)

M'mm...

MENASHA

And maybe in a little while I'll buy her a fur coat.

MOTHER

(MEANING: WELL, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT)

M'mm...!

MR. MARTIN

A fur coat! Did you hear that, Dorothy? What kind of a coat, son?

MENASHA

Skunk.

MR. MARTIN

Mink-dyed?

MENASHA

Well, we all have to go sometime.

DOROTHY

Father, Mother -- this has gone far enough --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MR. MARTIN

Oh, that must be the Judge now. Would you let him in, Mother?

MOTHER

(MEANING: I GUESS SO)

M'mm....

(SHE GOES TO DOOR, OPENS IT AND LETS DR. BROWN IN)

(MEANING: UMM, NICE)

M'mm...

DOC

Excuse me, but we got a hurry call at the hospital for an ambulance. They said there were four people dying here.

MENASHA

That's right.

(POINTING AT DOROTHY)

She's dying to see you.

(POINTS AT FATHER AND MOTHER)

They're dying to get married.

(POINTS AT HIMSELF)

And I'm dying to get out of here!

LOOKS AT HIM. MRS. MARTIN OPENS DOOR AND DR. BROWN COMES IN)

MOTHER

(MEANING, WELL, HE'S MORE LIKE IT)

M'mm .....

DOC

Excuse me, but we got a call at 8 o'clock that someone here would need an ambulance at 10.

(DOROTHY STOPS AT OTHER DOOR AND TURNS)

Gould you tell me --

(HE SEES HER)

Dorothy --

DOROTHY

Harry! --

(THEY STAND AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT)

DOC (PLEADINGLY)

Aw, Dorothy....

DOROTHY (FORGIVINGLY)

Oh, Harry.....

(THEY RUN TOWARD EACH OTHER AND EMBRACE)

MR. MARTIN

I can't understand what's going on, can you, dear?

MOTHER

(MEANING, I SURE CAN)

M'mm .....

MR. MARTIN

(STARTING TOWARD COUPLE)

Look here, I demand an explanation. Just what is going on here?

MENASHA

(AS MR. MARTIN PASSES BY, HE GETS UP AND STOPS HIM)

Will you please let a couple of lovebirds alone while they're making love?

MR. MARTIN

What-- what-- lovebirds-- ?

MENASHA

Let me explain it to you, Mr. Martin. And you -- Mrs. M'mm--

MOTHER

(MEANING M'MM?)

M'mm....?

MENASHA

I'll explain it to the both of you.

(THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER AS MENASHA WHISPERS TO THEM. BROAD SMILES APPEAR ON THEIR FACES AND THEY NOD APPROVINGLY AT THE YOUNG COUPLE)

Now do you understand, Mrs. Martin?

MOTHER (INFLECTION)

Do I understand? What a question!

MENASHA

(MEANING: HUH?)

M'mm.....?

(FADEOUT ON CLOSEUP)

END

MOTHER

Do I understand? Well, let me tell you something -- I've been sitting here all evening just dying to get a word in edgewise -- and it seems to me it's about time that my daughter married anybody she pleases --

MENASHA

(MEANING: H'UH?)

M'MM...?

(FADEOUT ON CU)

END

Mimeo'd by Netzer

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT

August 28, 1950

Written by

M. GREEN and G. FOSTER

Produced by; MARTIN GOODMAN

Directed by;

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

(THE SET: RESTAURANT.)

(MENASHA ENTERS SINGING "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING." MRS. DAVIS IS WAITING FOR HIM AT RIGHT. ~~HE SINGS HIS WAY ACROSS, SEES HER, DOES AN ABOUT FACE, CHANGING THE WORDS TO "OH WHAT A TERRIBLE MORNING" AND STARTS OUT. SHE GRABS HIM BY THE BACK OF HIS JACKET COLLAR.~~)

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha!

~~MENASHA~~

~~(AS SHE HOLDS HIM, INNOCENTLY)~~

~~You calling me, Mrs. Davis?~~

MRS. DAVIS

Will you kindly explain why you are two hours late this morning, or is that too much to expect?

MENASHA

I took the wrong train to work.

MRS. DAVIS

You took the --Menasha-- you live right upstairs.

MENASHA

See? I told you I took the wrong train.

(MRS. DAVIS GRABS HIM)

Ouch. Look out-- my sunburn!

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, that's right. You went away for the week-end. How was it?

MENASHA

It was wonderful. Everybody should get away for the week-end.

MRS. DAVIS

Where did you go?

MENASHA

I went to a quiet little place that nobody ever heard of.

MRS. DAVIS

How was it?

MENASHA

Crowded.

MRS. DAVIS

Well, did you go in swimming at all?

MENASHA

Oh, sure. I went in once, but a lobster bit one of my toes.

MRS. DAVIS

Really? Which one?

MENASHA

I don't know. I can't tell one lobster from another.

MRS. DAVIS

It doesn't sound to me like you had a very good time.

MENASHA

I enjoyed myself....But the best time I had was in the swimming pool. There was a big swimming pool.... Oh, it was marvelous. I used to jump in and jump out and I used to make exercise. I tell you, Mrs. Davis, it was wonderful! But next week, I'm going to enjoy myself even more, because the man said, next week he was going to put water in it.

(MRS. DAVIS Laughs)

Oh, then you had a good time.

MENASHA

It was all right -- but I didn't like the mosquitoes. When I came into the hotel, the man gave me the register book, I should sign my name. And as I was signing my name on the register, there was a mosquito sitting on it. So, I took my suitcase and I said "Goodbye". He said, "Where are you going?" So I said, "Look, mister, I've seen mosquitoes in New York, I've seen mosquitoes in the mountains, but when a mosquito sits on the register and watches, in what room I'm going to live.....then I got nothing to do with them.

MENASHA

Oh, when I was on the beach I enjoyed myself. All the girls were wearing three piece bathing suits.

MRS. DAVIS

Three piece bathing suits? What's the third piece?

MENASHA

That's the big piece. The label.

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, then you had a good time.

MENASHA - But I enjoyed myself. ~~I did~~, until my relativities started visiting me.

MRS. DAVIS

Not relativities, Menasha. Relatives.

MENASHA

Listen, maybe by you it's relatives. By me it's relativities. Their name is Einstein.

MRS. DAVIS

Sounds like a great week-end.

MENASHA

Some great? Week-ends-- ~~bah~~. You get a couple days, so the busses are jammed, the beach is crowded, the food is bad, you can't find

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

a room, it rains, and I don't even go in the water anyway. But next week-end I'm going back.

MRS. DAVIS

You're going back? Why?

MENASHA

I like it.

MRS. DAVIS

Well, I'm glad you had a nice week-end, because I didn't.

MENASHA

What did you do on the week-end?

MRS. DAVIS

I was thinking. Thinking hard.

MENASHA (SOLICITOUSLY)

You shouldn't exercise so hard, Mrs. Davis. You could hurt yourself.

MRS. DAVIS

The restaurant is not doing too well. We're not getting the right kind of customers, the place is mismanaged, and I blame a good part of it on you.

MENASHA

On me? I wasn't even here this week-end.

MRS. DAVIS

It's not just this week-end or last week-end, Menasha. This has been going on for fifteen years, since the day I hired you. I don't know what ever prompted me to hire you in the first place.

MENASHA

Don't you remember you advertised in the papers for somebody who was handsome, cultured, well-mannered, efficient, dependable and reliable?

MRS. DAVIS

Why on earth did you ever answer an ad like that?

MENASHA

I just came to tell you that on me you shouldn't depend.

MRS. DAVIS

And just look at yourself.

MENASHA

No, thanks. I looked at myself this morning. I didn't care for it.

MRS. DAVIS

The manager of a restaurant should have class, he should reek of

(More)

MRS. DAVIS

charm, culture, hospitality---

MENASHA

What's the matter with me? I reek as much as anybody.

MRS. DAVIS

Look at your clothes. That suit. It's the only suit I've seen you wear in 15 years. And look at the way it fits.

MENASHA

You should have seen the way it fit when it was brand new. It was a perfect fit.

MRS. DAVIS

I don't believe it ever fit you.

MENASHA

Not me. My brother. I bought it from him.

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha, ~~you'll just have to get~~ the least you could have done -- gotten yourself a new suit. ~~If~~ the manager looks right, he'll bring in a better class of customers. So this is an order. You go over tonight and get a new suit.

MENASHA

~~I can't go over tonight. I'm busy.~~ I'll go over now.

MRS. DAVIS

And leave me here alone to take care of the lunch business? You will not.

MENASHA

All right, so I'll call up for a suit.

(GOING TO PHONE)

MRS. DAVIS

Who are you calling?

MENASHA

My brother. By now he must have another suit.

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, no, you don't. ~~You'll call up a regular men's store and get something decent.~~

MENASHA

~~I know.~~ So - I'll call up Saks.

(PICKS UP PHONE, BEGINS DIALING)

MRS. DAVIS

Saks 5th Avenue? That's a very good store.

MENASHA

This store is twice as good. Saks Tenth Avenue. Hello.

(CLIP TO CLOTHING STORE SET, MR. BILLINGS ON PHONE)

BILLINGS

Hello, Saks Tenth Avenue.

(CLIP BACK TO MENASHA)

MENASHA

~~How do you do~~.

(DOES HIS INTRODUCTION BIT WITH FOOT)

~~This is Menasha~~. I would like to order a nice outfit for the manager of a restaurant.

BILLINGS

(ON FILTER, OFF)

Oh, are you the manager?

MENASHA

Manager. Not manager-- manager.

BILLINGS

(ON FILTER, OFF)

Well, what exactly did you have in mind? Coat-- ?

MENASHA

Cutaway.

BILLINGS (ON FILTER, OFF)

Vest?

MENASHA

Checked.

BILLINGS (ON FILTER, OFF)

Tie?

MENASHA

Striped.

BILLINGS (ON FILTER, OFF)

Pants?

MENASHA

Of course.

(CLIP TO BILLINGS)

BILLINGS

Well, this is a little irregular.
Don't you want to come down for
a fitting?

MENASHA (ON FILTER, OFF)

No, I can't. I'm too busy.

BILLINGS

Well, then, how will we know
what size to give you?

~~(CLIP TO MENASHA)~~

MENASHA

I'll measure myself over the
phone.

BILLINGS ~~(ON FILTER, OFF)~~

Over the phone?
This is quite irregular.

MENASHA

No, a regular would be too big.
I need a short.

BILLINGS (ON FILTER, OFF)

Well, how's a 37 short?

MENASHA

No, that's too long.

BILLINGS (ON FILTER, OFF)

Well, how about a 36 long?

MENASHA

No, that's too short.

BILLINGS (ON FILTER, OFF)

Well, what size are you?

MENASHA

Forty.

(CLIP TO BILLINGS, WHO IS DOING SLOW BURN)

BILLINGS

I'm afraid this isn't going to work out. Maybe you'd better measure yourself.

(CLIP TO MENASHA)

MENASHA

(REACHING INTO POCKET AND TAKING OUT TAPE MEASURE)

I have here a tape measure. What do you want me to measure?

BILLINGS (ON FILTER, OFF)

Let me have your chest size.

MENASHA

Okay. Hold on.

(PUTS DOWN PHONE. MEASURES HIS CHEST. PICKS UP PHONE)

Chest-- 33.

BILLINGS (ON FILTER, OFF)

What is it expanded?

MENASHA

(PUTS DOWN PHONE, TAKES DEEP BREATH AND MEASURES CHEST. PICKS UP PHONE)

23.

(CLIP TO BILLINGS)

BILLINGS

(WIPING HIS FACE IN EXASPERATION)

23 expanded. Yes--

(WRITES THIS DOWN)

Now, how about the trousers?

How long are they?

(CLIP TO MENASHA)

MENASHA

Hold on.

(PUTS PHONE DOWN. TRIES TO MEASURE HIS LEFT LEG FROM HIS BELT TO FLOOR BUT HE CAN'T READ THE TAPE. HE DOES A FULL KNEE BEND BEFORE HE CAN READ THE TAPE WHICH NOW, OF COURSE MEASURES ONLY 8 INCHES. PICKS UP PHONE)

Right Foot - 9

~~Left leg -- 8~~ inches.

(CLIP TO BILLINGS)

BILLINGS

(STARTING TO WRITE)

Trousers-- 8 inch -- no, no,

that's impossible. They should

be longer than that. Try again.

(CLIP TO MENASHA)

MENASHA

(PUTS PHONE DOWN. THIS TIME HE LOOPS TAPE MEASURE AROUND HIS LEG AND STANDS ON IT. PICKS UP PHONE)

You were right, Mr. Billings. (More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

It is a little longer. ~~Sixty-three.~~ 59 inches.

BILLINGS(ON FILTER, OFF)

No, no, no. There's something wrong. Measure it again.

MENASHA

Listen, Mr. Billings. Don't worry about it. Just make the pants long enough to reach the floor.

(CLIP TO BILLINGS)

BILLINGS

(IN DESPERATION)

All right. I'll do the best I can. Now who shall I charge this to?

(~~CLIP TO MENASHA~~)

MENASHA

Anybody you like.

(~~CLIP TO BILLINGS~~)

BILLINGS

No, I mean, do you have a charge account?

(CLIP TO MENASHA)

MENASHA

No. But when you have the suit ready send me the suit, and when I'll have the money ready, I'll send you the money.

~~(CLIP TO BILLINGS)~~

BILLINGS

Oh, no we couldn't do that.

You don't have any credit with us.

(CLIP TO MENASHA)

MENASHA

But don't you think I'm being

fair with you when I tell you

in advance that I don't have the

money?

~~(CLIP TO BILLINGS)~~

BILLINGS

Oh, certainly. You've been quite

fair. I must give you credit

for that.

~~(CLIP TO MENASHA)~~

MENASHA

That's all I'm asking. A little

credit.

BILLINGS ~~(ON FILTER, OFF)~~

I'm sorry, sir. We don't do

business that way. Good day,

sir.

(PHONE HANG UP ON, FILTER. MENASHA

LOOKS SADLY AT PHONE AND HANGS UP)

MENASHA = Bye, ... it's = good day.

MRS. DAVIS (OMINOUSLY)

Well?

MENASHA

(BIZ WITH FINGERS)

They didn't have my size.

MRS. DAVIS: They didn't have your sign, Menasha - I'm getting sick and tired of this.

~~You mean they see thru you just like I've finally seen thru you. I just realized that~~ For fifteen years I've been trying to get up enough courage to say this. And believe me, it's for your own good. It's the best thing I could do for you, Menasha.

MENASHA

What is it, Mrs. Davis?

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha, you're fired.

MENASHA

Oh, I'll bet you say that to all your managers.

MRS. DAVIS

Believe me, Menasha, I'm serious. You're fired, finis, kaput!

MENASHA

Gezundheit!

MRS. DAVIS

I mean it! You're fired, thru, finished, sacked, out, the end.

MENASHA

Do I get a choice of one?

MRS. DAVIS

~~You can have them all.~~ You're thru!

MENASHA

~~You're not joking, Mrs. Davis?~~

You mean it? You actually mean it?

MRS. DAVIS

Positively. You're fired. You may take your things and go.

MENASHA

All right. All right, I'll go. But I knew it. I always knew it!

MRS. DAVIS

Knew it? Knew what?

MENASHA

When I first came to work here 15 years ago, I said to myself, "Menasha, look out! This is not a steady job! "

(BLACKOUT)

(SET: UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE)

(MISS HARRIS, THE UNEMPLOYMENT INTERVIEWER, IS SEATED AT A DESK IN CENTER STAGE. SHE IS INTERVIEWING A MAN WHO IS SEATED ALONGSIDE DESK. WE CANNOT HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING. AT THE SIDE IS A BENCH ON WHICH IS SEATED A MAN WHO IS EVIDENTLY NEXT. THE MAN IS READING A NEWSPAPER. MENASHA ENTERS AND SITS NEXT TO MAN ON BENCH.)

MENASHA

Excuse me. Is this the line for unemployment?

MAN (GRUNTS)

Um. I'm next.

MENASHA

Thank you. I'll wait.

(MENASHA SITS IDLY FOR A MOMENT, THEN NOTICES SOMETHING IN THE NEWSPAPER. HE LEANS OVER THE MAN AND READS OVER HIS ARM OR SHOULDER. MAN FOLDS THE NEWSPAPER IN HALF. MENASHA READS. MAN FOLDS IN QUARTERS. MENASHA READS. MAN FOLDS IN EIGHTHS. MENASHA READS. MAN STARTS TO FOLD THE PAPER IN 16THS BUT GIVES UP, HANDS MENASHA THE PAPER.)

MAN

I don't want you to strain your eyes.

MENASHA

That's all right. I can't see anything without my glasses anyway.

(PAUSE)

~~(LOOKS AROUND PLACE.)~~

~~Say, this is a beautiful place they got here. They must take in a lot of money here. How~~

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

much does it cost to get this unemployment insurance?

MAN

Nothing. You don't have to pay them. They pay you.

MENASHA

So how do they make a living?

MAN

Look, kid, it's only your own money they're giving you back.

MENASHA

So tell me something, Mister. How much could I expect to get from the unemployment?

MAN

Well, it all depends. But you don't have to worry. You'll get what you deserve.

MENASHA

Oh, no, I need more than that.

MAN

But, I'm warning you. This gal (POINTING AT INTERVIEWER) Is very tough. Just make sure you have the right answers to all the questions, or else she'll get mad and you'll be in trouble.

MENASHA

No, I'm smart. I got it all written down on my cuff, see?

(MENASHA STARTS SHOWING HIM CUFF. MAN AT DESK GETS UP AND EXITS)

MISS HARRIS (CALLNNG)

Next!

MAN

That's me!

MENASHA

Well, good luck, Mr. Next.

MAN

Say, why don't you go first? I got all day.

MENASHA

Oh, thank you. Here--

(HANDING BACK NEWSPAPER)

you can read
~~I'll leave you~~ my paper.

(GOES TO DESK AND SITS DOWN IN CHAIR ALONGSIDE DESK)

MRS. HARRIS

Name?

MENASHA

Yes.

MISS HARRIS

I mean-- what is your name?

MENASHA

Menasha.

Miss Harris = How do you spell it?
Menasha = Nobody knows how to spell
Menasha - Mispel i Menasha -

MISS HARRIS

How do you spell it?

MENASHA

Nobody knows how to spell Menasha. Menasha -- M like in Menasha, E like in Enasha, N like in Nasha, Menasha.

MISS HARRIS

Now, Mr. Menasha, before we go any further, I want you to make sure to tell me the truth at all times. Is that understood?

MENASHA

Believe me, Miss, I always tell the truth, even if I have to lie to do it.

MISS HARRIS

Uh -- yes. Have you ever collected Unemployment Insurance before?

MENASHA

Never. I went to work in a place fifteen years ago before they discovered Unemployment Insurance, and just my luck, I was never unemployed.

MISS HARRIS

Who did you work for?

MENASHA

Mrs. Davis in the Restaurant.

I was the Manager → Davis = the Manager?
Menasha = Not the Manager
the manager

MISS HARRIS

And just for our records now, how was the job?

MENASHA

Oh, believe me, it was a wonderful job.

MISS HARRIS

(WRITING IT DOWN)

Wonderful --

MENASHA

Uh-- wonderful. Wonderful it wasn't -- but it was pretty good.

MISS HARRIS

(ERASING, REWRITING)

Pretty good.

MENASHA

Uh -- pretty good. Maybe it wasn't pretty good- but good it was.

MISS HARRIS

(ERASING, REWRITING)

Good.

MENASHA

You know something-- it was a lousy job.

(MISS HARRIS CRUMPLES UP PAPER AND THROWS IT AWAY IN EXASPERATION, PICKS UP NEW SHEET)

MISS HARRIS

What did you do before you worked at the restaurant?

MENASHA

I was with NBC.

MISS HARRIS

National Broadcasting Company?

MENASHA

National Baking Company.

MISS HARRIS

And what was your position there?

MENASHA

I was in the cookie department.

MISS HARRIS

And what did you do there?

MENASHA

I was a cookie-topper.

MISS HARRIS

A cookie-topper?

MENASHA

Yes. I used to put the tops on cookies.

MISS HARRIS

Why did you leave that job?

MENASHA

I was fired.

MISS HARRIS

For what reason?

MENASHA

I got mad one day and I blew my tops.

MISS HARRIS

Uh -- yes. Now, what is your Social Security Number?

MENASHA

Oh, I have it written here. (LOOKS AT CUFF AND READS IT OFF,

147-10-2590

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

And 72 cents.

MISS HARRIS (HARRIED)

And 72 -- what's the extra 36 cents?

MENASHA

Tips.

MISS HARRIS

Now, do you happen to know your employer's Unemployment Compensation File Number?

MENASHA

Certainly.

(PULLING CUFF AND READING)

~~A 16 dash~~ 578 dash 463 dash 519 dash 987 dash 006 dash ~~209 dash 938 dash 487 dash 746 dash 5~~ --

MISS HARRIS

(WRITING RAPIDLY ALL THRU THIS)

Thank you.

MENASHA

(TAKES DEEP BREATH, PULLS CUFF OUT MORE AND CONTINUES)

--~~dash~~ 56 dash 871 dash 110 dash ~~93 dash 7 dash dash~~ --

MISS HARRIS (WRITING)

Well, at last!

MENASHA

(STARTS ON OTHER CUFF)

-- dash 17 dash ~~90 dash~~ --

MISS HARRIS

Uh-- Never mind--we'll manage with this.

(FINISHES WRITING)

Well, this is all the information we need. You can go home now and wait for your check.

MENASHA

You mean that's all there is to it?

MISS HARRIS

That's right. But be sure to report back here next week at this same time and every week thereafter for so long as you shall remain unemployed, pursuant to Rule 14, Regulation 6 of the Unemployment Insurance Act of the State of New York as carried out by the Department of Taxation and Finance. Do you follow me?

MENASHA

Oh, sure, I follow you, but I don't understand you.

~~MISS HARRIS (EXASPERATED)~~

~~Well, what don't you understand?~~

MENASHA

Just one little thing!

MISS HARRIS

And what is that?

MENASHA

Everything.

MISS HARRIS

Well, I"m not going to go through that again. You just go home and wait for us to send you your check. And before you go, here's a blue slip that you'll fill out and take upstairs to Department X.

MENASHA

Blue slip - yeah.

MISS HARRIS

At Department X you will receive a yellow booklet --

MENASHA

Yellow.

MISS HARRIS

Bring that with you next week and exchange it for a red pamphlet.

MENASHA

Red.

MISS HARRIS

That pamphlet has now been

(More)

MISS HARRIS(Cont'd)

rescinded. Don't read it! It is not to be read!

MENASHA

Not red.

MISS HARRIS

Turn it in and pick up Form 93 which is orange.

MENASHA

Orange.

MISS HARRIS

That's all there is to it. Any questions?

MENASHA

Yeah. One question. When you send me my check, do me a favor.

MISS HARRIS

What is that?

MENASHA

Make it chartreuse. It's my favorite color.

(BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: RESTAURANT)

(MRS. DAVIS FUSSING AROUND ON SET. MENASHA ENTERS SINGING "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING.")

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha! I haven't seen you

(More)

MRS. DAVIS (Cont)

for over a week, ever since I fired you. What have you been doing? Do you have a job?

MENASHA

A job? Me? Don't be silly.

MRS. DAVIS

But what do you live on?

MENASHA

Oh, I don't have to worry. I'm independently unemployed.

MRS. DAVIS

Well, sit down, Menasha. Tell me, what have you been doing with yourself?

MENASHA

Oh, I've been busy.

MRS. DAVIS

Doing what??

MENASHA

Nothing. By the way, Mrs. Davis, did I get any mail?

MRS. DAVIS

(GOING TO COUNTER AND PICKING UP LETTERS)

Yes, here are a few letters that came for you.

(SHE BRINGS THEM TO HIM.)

(HE PICKS UP ENVELOPE AND OPENS IT)

MRS. DAVIS

What's the other book?

MENASHA

"My Twenty Years in Alcatraz".

(HE PUTS THIS LETTER DOWN AND PICKS UP ANOTHER ENVELOPE AND OPENS IT. READS IT ALOUD)

Greetings: You have been selected by the President of the --

MRS. DAVIS

(STARTLED)

What! !

MENASHA

(CONTINUES TO READ)

-- the President of the Chelsea Drug Company to be among the first to receive a free sample.

(THROWS IT AWAY)

It's nothing!

(MENASHA PICKS UP AN ENVELOPE, OPENS IT AND TAKES OUT CHECK)

MENASHA

Oh, here's what I was looking for. My unemployment check.

(INSPECTS CHECK CLOSELY)

So let's see -- how much did I get?

(CLIP TO CU OF CHECK AND HANDS HOLDING IT. FINGER IS COVERING CHECK IN SUCH A WAY THAT AT FIRST ONLY

(More)

$260,0" IS VISIBLE)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

Two -- six-- oh-- oh--

(FINGER MOVES BACK REVEALING"$260,00"

-- Oh --

(FINGER MOVES BACK REVEALING

"$260,000.00",

-- Oh-oh!

MRS. DAVIS

What's the matter, Menasha?

What's wrong?

MENASHA

It's wonderful, Mrs. Davis. I just got my unemployment check for two hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

MRS. DAVIS

A two hundred and sixty thousand dollar unemployment check! That's ridiculous!

MENASHA

Ridiculous! It's wonderful! Now that I got two hundred and sixty thousand dollars, I'll retire. Not only will I retire from employment, but I'll retire from unemployment.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~

~~But, Menasha --~~

MENASHA

Listen, it's very nice of the state to send me the two hundred and sixty thousand dollars but it's enough. They don't have to send it to me every week.

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha, this entire thing is utterly ridiculous. ~~You don't understand~~ --

MENASHA

~~I understand plenty!~~ All my life when I was working I couldn't save a penny. One week I'm out of work and look -- I'm a millionaire! With $260,000.00

(BLACK OUT)

(THE SET: CLOTHING STORE SET)

(MR. BILLINGS IS AT DESK AS MENASHA ENTERS AND COMES TO DESK)

~~Billings~~ - Come right in. Would you like to purchase a ~~suit~~.

MENASHA

Excuse me. I'm Menasha.

BILLINGS

Menasha?

MENASHA

I called you last week about a suit. Don't you remember?

BILLINGS

No, I'm sorry. I can't say that I do.

MENASHA

17:00 Don't you remember? I'm the feller with one leg ~~eight~~ 9 inches and the other leg ~~sixty three~~ 59 inches.

BILLINGS

Oh, yes. That's right. Now, why was it we didn't get together?

MENASHA

Oh, it wasn't anything important. I just didn't have the money.

BILLINGS

That's right.

MENASHA

But that was last week when I was working. This week I'm not working so I got the money.

BILLINGS

Excuse me, but I must have misunderstood you. I --

MENASHA

So I'd like to pick up the suit.

BILLINGS

Do you have the money with you? I'm afraid I'll have to ask you 17:30 to pay in advance.

MENASHA

That's okay with me. How much is it?

BILLINGS

That'll be a hundred and twenty dollars.

MENASHA

I'll take two. You'll cash a check?

BILLINGS

A check? Oh, no, positively not.

(POINTS TO SIGN ON WALL: "NO CHECKS CASHED")

Can't you read that sign?

MENASHA

(A QUICK GLANCE AT SIGN)

So who's smoking?

BILLINGS

No, no. We do not cash checks.

MENASHA

Not even a government check?

BILLINGS

Oh, well, a government check. Of course -- wait a minute! What government?

MENASHA

What government?

(HE RISES TO HIS FULL HEIGHT)

The government of the State of New York, the Empire State, the state which has more Ambassadors to Mexico than any other state, and the home of the only living (More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

ex-President of the United States.

BILLINGS

You mean Herbert Hoover?

MENASHA

No. Thomas E. Dewey.

BILLINGS

Well, all right, I'll cash the check for you.

(MENASHA HANDS HIM THE CHECK. HE SITS DOWN AT DESK AND BEGINS FIGURING)

Now, let me see, you want two suits. That'll be $240. Subtract that from two hundred sixty thousand dollars. That's -- oh, six, seven, nine, five, two. I have to give you two hundred fifty nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty dollars. Is that right?

MENASHA

In small bills, please.

BILLINGS

Certainly.

(REACHES INTO DRAWER AND BEGINS TO MAKE CHANGE)

Five dollars, ten dollars. Fift-

(BIG TAKE)

Two hundred and fifty nine

(More)

BILLINGS (Cont'd)

thousand dollars! ~~My dear sir,~~ how did you ever manage to get a check from the state for two hundred and sixty thousand dollars?

MENASHA

For service above and beyond the call of duty.

BILLINGS

~~What was that?~~

MENASHA

I worked for Mrs. Davis for 15 years.

BILLINGS

Well, sir, this places a different light on the matter, sir. After all a man of your position, sir, you'll need more than just two suits, sir. I wish you'd allow us to supply you with a complete wardrobe, sir.

MENASHA

But what about the change for my check?

BILLINGS

(HANDING HIM BACK THE CHECK)

Oh, we don't have enough change for that. But you don't have to

(More)

BILLINGS (Cont'd)

worry about payment, sir. Your credit is A-1 with us, sir.

MENASHA

What a difference a week makes. This week my credit is A-1. Last week it was P-U.

BILLINGS

Look here, sir. You must be a busy man, sir. Why don't I come over to your place later on with a whole complete wardrobe, sir?

MENASHA

Okay. Anything you say.

(TO CAMERA)

How do you like that? This week he's calling me a sir. What was I last week- a ma'am?

(BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: RESTAURANT)

(MRS. DAVIS ENTERS FROM KITCHEN AND COMES CENTER. MR. WALLACE ENTERS FROM OUTSIDE AND COMES CENTER. HE IS AN OFFICIAL LOOKING TYPE)

MRS. DAVIS

Can I help you?

WALLACE

Do you know where I can find a Mr. Menasha?

MRS. DAVIS

What is it in reference to?

WALLACE (OFFICIALLY)

I'm a special investigator for the Department of Taxation and Finance, New York State.

MRS. DAVIS

(VISIBLY SHAKEN)

Oh. Well, he's not here. I -- I think he left town.

WALLACE

Oh.

MRS. DAVIS

Is there anything wrong?

WALLACE

Well, it's very important that I get my hands on him before --

MRS. DAVIS

(SURE MENASHA IS IN PLENTY TROUBLE)

Well, you won't find him here. I think he said he was going to Alaska or Mexico --

WALLACE

Well, we'll find him. It's just that we don't know what he looks like. Do you have a picture of him around?

MRS. DAVIS

(ALMOST HAPPY)

No, no pictures.

(THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND MENASHA ENTERS SINGING)

MENASHA

Hello, Mrs. Davis.

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, hello -- uh - Ronald.

(MENASHA LOOKS AROUND WONDERINGLY)

That's Ronald.

MENASHA (MISUNDERSTANDING)

How do you do, Mr. Ronald.

(INTRODUCTION BIT)

Will you excuse me a minute, Mr. Ronald?

(TO MRS. DAVIS)

Mrs. Davis, remember you told me I needed a new suit?

(MR. WALLACE IS BETWEEN THEM AND LOOKING AT MENASHA. MRS. DAVIS IS STANDING BEHIND MR. WALLACE AND WINKING VERY BROADLY AND MEANIINGLY ANENT MR. WALLACE)

Well, I'm getting a new suit and I'm coming back to work.

(HE NOTICES HER WINKING)

What's the matter, Mrs. Davis? You got something in your eye?

(WALLACE TURNS TO LOOK AT HER AND SHE STOPS QUICKLY)

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, no -- it's nothing-- I'll be all right.

(WALLACE TURNS BACK TO MENASHA)

MENASHA

Not only one suit, Mrs. Davis.

I'm getting a whole outfit.

(SHE IS WAVING DESPERATELY BEHIND WALLACE'S BACK)

The man'll be here any minute,

and I want you to help me pick

out the nicest suits.

(HE NOTICES HER WAVING, WAVES BACK COYLY. WALLACE TURNS TO HER AND SHE STOPS) What's the matter? Mosquitoes?

MRS. DAVIS (LAMELY)

Mosquitoes.

(WALLACE TURNS BACK TO MENASHA)

MENASHA

You could stay, too, if you

like, Mr. Ronald.

(SHE IS WAVING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF WALLACE, NOW, FRANTICALLY)

I would like to have a man's

opinion.

(HE NOTICES HER WAVING, PUTS HIMSELF IN LINE WITH HER AND WAVES BACK COYLY. WALLACE TURNS AND SEES HER. SHE STOPS QUICKLY.)

WALLACE

Look, I don't have the time.

(TO MRS. DAVIS)

WALLACE (Cont'd)

(TO MRS. DAVIS)

Can you give me a description of the man we were talking about? I've got to find him.

(MEDIUM SHOT OF MENASHA ALONE)

MRS. DAVIS

Description? Well, he's tall- very tall.

(WALLACE BEGINS JOTTING THIS DOWN)

Blond hair. Blue eyes. Very ~~good-looking~~ handsome. Mustache. And a beard.

WALLACE

Well, that should be a big help. I have to go now. Goodbye, Madame. Nice meeting you, Mr. Ronald.

MENASHA

No, I'm not Ronald. I'm Menasha.

(MRS. DAVIS THROWS HER HANDS UP IN DESPAIR)

WALLACE (AMAZED)

You're Menasha? You're ~~tall?~~ handsome?

MENASHA

~~Tall~~ Handsome -- uh-- not ~~tall.~~ ~~Tall.~~ Handsome.

WALLACE

Well, you're the man I want to see --

MRS. DAVIS (EARNESTLY)

Look here, Mr. Wallace, I'm sure we can straighten this out. He (More)

MRS. DAIIS (Cont'd)

didn't know what he was doing--

(THE FRONT DOOR OPENS WITH SOME COMMOTION AND BILLINGS AND HIS ASSISTANT, MR. ATWATER ENTER. ATWATER IS LADEN WITH CLOTHING, WHICH HE PLACES ON A TABLE. BILLINGS BUSTLES AROUND, COMES FRONT CENTER, EXUDING GOOD HUMOR)

BILLINGS

Well, well, here we are, sir.

(SEES MRS. DAVIS AND MR. WALLACE)

Oh, your mother and father.

Goood! Ha-ha. Now, the first

thing we'll do is get rid of

130 that old thing --

(HE INDICATES MENASHA'S JACKET)

MENASHA (MISUNDERSTANDING)

Oh, no, that's Mrs. Davis.

She can stay.

BILLINGS

But that jacket will have to go!

(HE RIPS OFF ONE SLEEVE)

MENASHA

Please, Mister Billings, you're

breaking the material.

BILLINGS

(RIPS OFF OTHER SLEEVE)

~~What kind of material was~~

MENASHA

When I got it the man said it was genuine, guaranteed sanforized lint.

(BILLINGS RIPS OFF A LAPEL)

MENASHA

How about you, Mrs. Davis? Have a piece?

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha --

MENASHA

Care to join in the fun, ~~Mr. Donald?~~?

WALLACE

Look here, Mr. Menasha, my name is Wallace, and there's something I've got to --

BILLINGS

Just sit down, Mr. Wallace,

(TO MRS. DAVIS)

and you too, Mrs. Wallace. We'll take good care of your boy. Ha-ha.

(RIPS OFF OTHER LAPEL, HELPS MENASHA OUT OF THE REMAINDER OF THE JACKET)

You know you should only wear custom made suits.

MENASHA

What for? I got a ready-made body.

BILLINGS

22:00 ha-ha, yes. Now, let me see. We've got to get something that suits your character. I've got it. Something in a tweedsy jacket. Atwater!

(CLAPS HANDS. ATWATER GETS JACKET FROM TABLE IN BACK AND COMES UP, PUTS MENASHA IN IT. IT IS VERY LARGE, OUTDOOR TYPE SPORT JACKET)

There we are. Say, that's just the thing, isn't it?

MENASHA

Maybe it's only my imagination, but don't you think this is too big?

BILLINGS

Big? Oh, hardly. That's the way these jackets are made. For comfort.

MENASHA

Couldn't you make it a little less comfortable. I'm more comfortable that way.

BILLINGS

I'm sure you'll like it. It's a beautiful herringbone.

MENASHA

No, that's the trouble. You're giving me a herringbone and I'm looking for a suit

BILLINGS

~~But it's just the thing for you.~~

(SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

Ah...

I know what's missing. A pipe!

That's the thing! Atwater!

(CLAPS HANDS. ATWATER BRINGS PIPE TO MENASHA AND LIGHTS IT)

~~There we are. Ha- ha. Oh, you have no idea how that makes the outfit.~~ I can just see you now strolling the grounds of your country estate --

(MENASHA, IN THE SPIRIT OF THE THING, SUITS THE ACTION TO THE WORD)

~~a man of the world,~~ a Great Dane at your side --

MENASHA (JUMPING)

Ow!

BILLINGS

What happened?

MENASHA

The dog bit me.

BILLINGS

(STRAIGHT FACED)

Sorry, sir, we'll have him done away with in the morning. ~~My, my, you certainly look wonderful in that jacket~~. Will you keep ~~it~~?

the jacket?

MENASHA

(TURNING OFF)

No.

BILLINGS

Why not? Don't you like it?

MENASHA

Yeah, I like it, but I can't smoke a pipe.

BILLINGS

~~On second thought, maybe you're not the tweedsy type. Let me see now.~~ I've got it!

(CLAPS HANDS)

Atwater! Number 10!

(ATWATER COMES UP WITH SCARLET RIDING JACKET WHICH IS VERY LARGE ON MENASHA)

Say, that's it! That's you!

Well, do you like it?

MENASHA

(POSING IN IT)

Oh, I love it. But what is it?

BILLINGS

~~I'm glad you asked.~~ It's a riding jacket. For riding to the hounds, you know.

MENASHA

(STARTS GETTING OUT OF IT)

Riding to the hounds. ~~Not for me.~~

BILLINGS

Why not?

MENASHA

~~In~~ my ~~old~~ age, I should go to the dogs?

BILLINGS

(CLAPS HANDS)

Atwater! The hunting jacket!

(ATWATER BRINGS UP HUNTING JACKET PUTS IT ON MENASHA. IT IS VERY LARGE)

Well, finally. We've found it.

The real you. Just think of it.

You, the hunter out in the cold of morning --

(MENASHA SHIVERS)

-- hunting the hunted--

(MENASHA STALKING)

-- gun in hand--

(ATWATER HANDS MENASHA GUN)

Suddenly, you hear a lion --

(MENASHA HEARS A LION)

You stalk him --

(MENASHA STALKS)

Now you see him --

(MENASHA SEES)

-- take careful aim --

(MENASHA AIMS)

-- and at the propitious moment,

you shoot!

(MENASHA IS STARTLED, GUN GOES OFF. HE STARTS GETTING QUICKLY OUT OF JACKET)

MENASHA

Oh, no. Not for me!

BILLINGS

What's the matter?

MENASHA

In a jacket like this a fellow you could get killed!

BILLINGS

Maybe you're right.

(CLAPS HANDS)

Atwater! The cutaway.

(ATWATER COMES UP AND PUTS VERY, VERY LARGE CUTAWAY ON MENASHA)

Now how's that?

MENASHA

(POSING, SPREADING TAILS)

Breezy.

BILLINGS

I think it looks swell on you.

MRS. DAVIS

I think it looks swell, too.

MENASHA

You think so?

BILLINGS

Oh, I think it looks real swell.

Don't you, Mr. Wallace?

WALLACE

Very swell, but I have to --

BILLINGS

Very swell indeed.

MENASHA

Listen, when the swelling goes down, can I ask you a question? How much is it?

BILLINGS

One hundred and twenty dollars.

MENASHA

Oh, that's too expensive.

BILLINGS

Too expensive for you. Ha-ha. That is rich. After all, sir, a man in your position. You know what they say, you can't take it with you.

MENASHA

Listen, if I can't take it with me, I don't go.

BILLINGS

Then it's a sale?

MENASHA

Okay. Make me up six.

BILLINGS

Six, yes, sir.

MENASHA

(TAKING CHECK OUT)

Now,will you cash this check for me?

WALLACE

(STEPS IN BETWEEN AND TAKES CHECK)

Excuse me, Mr. Menasha, but I'm a special investigator from the New York State Department of Taxation and Finance. I'm afraid there's been some mistake.

MENASHA

Mistake?

WALLACE

Yes, you see, the check printing machine got stuck on your check and printed two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. When the mistake was discovered I was sent down here to pick it up and give you a check for the amount to which you are rightfully entitled, twenty six dollars.

(HANDS MENASHA SEALED ENVELOPE)

MENASHA (SHAKEN)

Twenty six dollars?

WALLACE

That's right. I'm sorry if we inconvenienced you.

MENASHA (SADLY)

Oh, no. No convenience at all.

WALLACE

Well, then, I'll say, good day.

(HE EXITS)

MENASHA

(UTTERLY CRESTFALLEN, SITS)

He only inconvenienced me from two hundred and sixty thousand dollars to twenty six dollars, and by him it's a good day!

MRS. DAVIS

(COMES OVER AND STANDS BEHIND HIM, PUTS ARM ON SHOULDER, GENTLY)

You see, Menasha, that's what I was trying to tell you. You were counting your chickens before they were hatched.

MENASHA (SADLY)

What kind of chickens? I was counting money.

BILLINGS (CRESTFALLEN)

You mean - you mean -- what happened to your check for two hundred and sixty thousand dollars?

MENASHA

It was devaluated into twenty six dollars.

BILLINGS

Twenty six dollars! Why that's unheard of!

MENASHA

Maybe you didn't heard of it, but I heard of it.

BILLINGS

Twenty six dollars, indeed!

Give me that jacket.

(TAKES JACKET OFF MENASHA, HE AND AT LATER GO TO TABLE AT REAR, PICK UP CLOTHES AND GO TO DOOR. BILLINGS TURNS AND LOOKS AT THEM DISDAINFULLY)

I leave you with two words!

Good day!

(HE EXITS)

MENASHA

Good day! By him too it's a good day. Look how times change. Just a few minutes ago I was ready to take a fitting, now I'm ready to take a fit.

MRS. DAVIS

Oh, Menasha, Menasha. Maybe this'll teach you to stay in your own bailiwick.

MENASHA

The way things are happening to me I should stay in my own Air- Wick.

MRS. DAVIS

Well, what are you going to do now?

MENASHA

The first thing I'll have to do is buy myself a new ~~used~~ 2nd hand jacket. (More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

Could you cash this twenty-six dollar check for me, Mrs. Davis?

MRS. DAVIS

Only on one condition, Menasha. That you stop this foolishness and come back to work here.

MENASHA

You mean it, Mrs. Davis? You actually mean it?

MRS. DAVIS

Absolutely.

MENASHA

It's a deal.

(OPENS ENVELOPE AND TAKES CHECK OUT AND LOOKS AT IT SADLY)

(CLIP TO CU OF CHECK AND HANDS WITH FINGER OVER AMOUNT SO THAT ONLY $2,600 " IS VISIBLE)

Two - six- - oh -- oh --

(FINGER MOVES BACK REVEALING "$2,600,00")

-- Oh -- Oh --

(FINGER MOVES BACK REVEALING "$2,600,000.00")

-- Oh -- Oh -- OH!

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha, what's the matter?

MENASHA (TEARFULLY)

Mrs. Davis, you have change for two million, six hundred thousand dollars?

(FADEOUT CU OF MENASHA) END

Mimeo'd by Netzer

GEORGE FOSTER

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

September 4, 1950

Written by

GEORGE FOSTER

and

MORT GREEN

Produced by: Martin Goodman

Directed by: Vincent J. Donehue

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

(THE SET: RESTAURANT)

(MENASHA ENTERS SINGING "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING." HE IS WEARING EAR-MUFFS, A RACOON COAT WITH A SCARF AT THE NECK, AND GALOSHES. ~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nancy IS CENTER STAGE, WAITING FOR HIM AND REGARDING HIM WITH SOME AMAZEMENT)

MENASHA

Hello, ~~Mrs. Davis.~~ Nancy

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha! What in heaven's name are you doing in ~~those heavy clothes?~~ a racoon coat

MENASHA

Oh, ~~Mrs. Davis~~ Nancy, it's a long story. You see, I'm a feller, when I get up in the morning, I like to turn on the radio and get the weather report so I know what kind of clothing to put on.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nancy

So?

MENASHA

So last winter I turned on my radio one morning to get the weather report, and the announcer aid, "Tune in again at the same

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

time tomorrow for the weather report." So the next day I tuned in again at the same time, and all I heard was the announcer saying, "Tune in again at the same time tomorrow for the weather report." So do you know something, ~~Mrs. Davis?~~ Nancy Since last winter I been tuning in every morning at the same time and I still didn't hear the weather report.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nancy

Menasha, ~~this may come as a complete shock to you,~~ but this is right in the middle of the summer. You should be wearing a summer suit.

MENASHA

(TAKING OFF HIS WINTER THINGS AND REVEALING A SUMMER SUIT)

So, all right, I'm ready for anything.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

(HELPING HIM TAKE THE CLOTHING TO THE BACK)

Oh, Menasha, you're so ~~funny.~~ cute

~~Come on, give me a hand with the mond.~~

Nancy
~~MRS. DAVIS~~ (Cont'd)

(SHE COMES FORWARD AND SITS AT TABLE, PENCIL AND PAPER) Jock, Mrs. Davis called and said she'd ~~like~~ like to pep up the descriptions of these sandwiches. Do you have any ideas?

MENASHA

Why don't we do like the big restaurants do? We could name the sandwiches after famous people.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

I'm not sure I understand you.

MENASHA

Well, for instance, we could have a Leo Durocher Sandwich.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

A Leo Durocher Sandwich? What's that?

MENASHA

Hot tongue with plenty of beef.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

Say, that's a good idea.

(WRITES IT DOWN)

What other names could we use?

MENASHA

Well, how about a Doris Duke sandwich?

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

What's a Doris Duke sandwich?

MENASHA

Tomato with lots of lettuce.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Man.

That's a good one.

(WRITES IT DOWN)

What else

MENASHA

How about a Sammy Guckenheimer Sandwich?

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Man.

What's that?

MENASHA

It's a combination, Salami, boloney, turkey, chicken, ham, bacon, pickle, cole slaw, relish, mustard, ketchup, and onion on four pieces of pumpernickle.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Man.

but why call it a Sammy Gucken-heimer sandwich? Who is he?

MENASHA

He's my friend. He eats like a horse. (Sings "Pickle in the Middle,")

(WOMAN ENTERS FROM FRONT DOOR, A BIT UPSET)

WOMAN

Excuse me, would you do me a favor?

MENASHA

(TO HER)

Certainly.

WOMAN

Would you watch my car? I got a flat in front of your store and I don't have a jack. I'm just going over to the garage for help. I'll be right back.

MENASHA

Sure, we'll watch out for your car.

WOMAN

Thanks a lot.

(SHE EXITS)

MENASHA

(LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW AT CAR)

It's a shame. A beautiful car with a flat tire. You know, ~~Mrs. Davis~~ Nancy, she looked like such a nice lady, I think I'll make her a surprise. By the time she gets back from the garage, I'll have the flat tire off for her.

(STARTS FOR KITCHEN)

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

Menasha, what are you doing? What do you know about cars?

MENASHA

Why shouldn't I know about cars?

I'm always looking in my Cadillac!

NANCY

You have a Cadillac?

MENASHA

Not a Cadillac -- a Cadillac.

NANCY

What kind of a Cadillac?

MENASHA

A Sears-Roebuck Cadillac.

~~MENASHA~~

~~Me? Listen, I know more about cars than ----~~

(GOES INTO KITCHEN, AND EMERGES IMMEDIATELY WITH SLEDGE HAMMER AND CROWBAR AND STARTS OUTSIDE)

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

Menasha, are you sure you ---

MENASHA

Please, ~~Mrs. Davis~~ Nancy. I'll have it fixed before you can say Joe DiMaggio.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan

Joe DiMaggio? Don't you mean Jack Robinson?

MENASHA

I'm a Yankee fan.

(HE EXITS. ~~MRS. DAVIS~~ SHAKES HER HEAD AND RESUMES WRITING UP MENU. LOUD SOUNDS OF BANGING OFFSTAGE, ~~MRS. DAVIS~~ WINCES WITH EACH SOUND, STOPS WRITING TO LISTEN. MENASHA COMES IN CARRYING A FENDER)

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nancy.

(IN AMAZEMENT)

Menasha! What ~~did you do?~~ are you doing with that fender?

MENASHA

The way the cars are made today I can't get to the tire. So I took the fender off.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

Well, you put it right back on again.

MENASHA

No, it'll take a minute. Don't worry.

Nancy = What are you doing?

(PUTS FENDER DOWN AND EXITS. ~~MRS. DAVIS~~ LOOKS PERTURBED. MORE BANGING OFFSTAGE. ~~MRS. DAVIS~~ SHOWS AGGRAVATION. MENASHA ENTERS FROM OUTSIDE CARRYING CAR DOOR)

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nancy. What's that?

Menasha!

MENASHA

~~I figured it out~~. a door It's an inside job.

(PUTS DOOR DOWN AND EXITS. MORE BANGING. ~~MRS. DAVIS~~ WRINGS HANDS NERVOUSLY. MENASHA ENTERS FROM OUTSIDE, WHEELING ENGINE ON WHEELBARROW. ~~MRS. DAVIS~~ LOOKS AT HIM IN MUTE ANGUISH)

Nancy = What's that?

MENASHA

(POINTING AT IT)

The motor.
It was in the way.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

(COMING TO SENSES)

Menasha! Put that down and listen to me for a minute!

MENASHA

(LEANS WHEELBARROW AGAINST WALL)

Yes, ~~Mrs. Davis~~ Nan. What is it?

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan

You take these things and put them right back on that car. Do you hear me ?

~~MENASHA~~

~~But, Mrs. Davis~~

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan

~~Do as I say!~~

MENASHA

All right! All right!

(PICKS UP FENDER AND CARRIES IT OUT)

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan

The idea! It would be all right, Menasha, if you knew something about cars.

(MENASHA COMES IN AND CARRIES OUT CAR DOOR. THERE IS THE SOUND OF BANGING. HE COMES IN)

MENASHA

You can't even help a feller out any more. You try to help out somebody and somebody stops you.

MRS. DAVIS

It would be all right, Menasha, if you were a mechanic.

MENASHA

Well, what do you think I am?

MRS. DAVIS

You? You're a mechanic?

MENASHA

Mechanic. Uh-- not mechanic.

Mechanic.

(WOMAN POKES HEAD THRU FRONT DOOR)

WOMAN

Thanks a lot for watching my car, you're very sweet. Everything's okay now. G'bye.

(SHE EXITS)

MENASHA

Umm. A nice lady.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

(AGHAST, POINTS TO ENGINE LEANING AGAINST WALL ON WHEELBARROW)

Menasha! Look ---

MENASHA

Oh, I forgot to put back the motor.

(MENASHA RUNS OUT)

(CALLING)

Lady! Yoo-hoo, Missus! Wait a minute!

(A PAUSE, AND THEN MENASHA ENTERS SADLY)

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

Well?

MENASHA

Too late -- she drove away.

NANCY

Without the motor?

MENASHA

Women drivers.

NANCY

Menasha, one of these days you're going to get into so much trouble. Why do you do things like that?

MENASHA

~~I don't know. But~~ Maybe because I'm so over-tired. I'm so sleepy I can't keep my eyes open.

NANCY

I'll get you some coffee.

(SHE GOES BEHIND COUNTER AND POURS HIM A CUP OF BLACK COFFEE AND BRINGS IT TO HIM.)

NANCY

Why should you be so sleepy?

MENASHA

Well, Friday night, I sat down to read a book and I didn't go to bed until one o'clock in the morning.

NANCY

So what's so late about that?

MENASHA

Monday morning?

NANCY

What kind of a book were you reading that was so interesting?

MENASHA

One book? I read five.

NANCY

Five books?

MENASHA

Well, I read them one at a time.

NANCY

What kind of books were they?

MENASHA

Private Eye books.

NANCY

Private Eye books? Exactly what is a Private Eye?

MENASHA

A Private Eye is a policeman that's in business for himself. You see, he keeps one eye on the girls, he keeps one eye on the gangsters, and with the other eye, he keeps an eye on himself.

NANCY

A third eye! That's ridiculous. I never heard of it.

MENASHA

You never heard of it. Nobody ever heard of it. That's why they call it a private eye.

(More)

MENASHA (Cont)

But this book, I read from cover to cover.

NANCY

How did you like it?

MENASHA

I don't know yet. Tomorrow I'm gonna read the pages.

NANCY

Yeah, but what are these books about?

MENASHA

Well, in this book --"Farewell My Lovely" --

(TAKES OUT POCKET BOOK AND READS)

-- it starts out with the private eye sitting in his office. A beautiful blonde walks in and she's got a big problem.

NANCY

What's that?

MENASHA

She's dead.

NANCY

Good heavens.

MENASHA

So the private eye kisses his secretary, Goodbye and goes to Africa, and in El Morrocco he joins the French Foreigh Legion, so he

kisses the dancing girl and goes into the desert to fight, but he soon realizes that it's no use, so he kisses the desert goodbye.

NANCY

He kisses the desert?

MENASHA

You never heard of the Sarah Desert? Well, anyway, then he escapes from the diamond mines, they catch him at the Canadian Border, but he gets away and slips into the country through Mexico. So in Hollywood he meets a motion picture producer who wants him to solve the case of the Missing Box Office, but he can handle only one case at a time. Suddenly he realizes that the dead blond in his office is the producer's wife, so he goes to El Morrocco and this time he joins the American Legion and attends the convention in Kansas City where he drops bags of water from a hotel window. Isn't it true to life?

NANCY

Oh! That sounds like quite an exciting book.

MENASHA

Book? This is only the first page.

NANCY

The first page! What's the rest of the book like.

MENASHA

I'm not even going to finish it. Too dull!

(MENASHA YAWNS)

Am I sleepy.

MENASHA

I don't know yet. Tomorrow I'm going to read the pages.

(YAWNS)

But the last book was so exciting I couldn't put it down. Am I sleepy.

MRS. DAVIS

You shouldn't get so interested in these books, Menasha.

MENASHA

I couldn't help myself. The last book, "Farewell My Lovely", is my favorite ~~because it's true to life.~~ It starts out in a restaurant. The private eye is sitting there having a cup of coffee, just like I am now.

(HE SIPS COFFEE)

Suddenly the door opens--

(THE DOOR OPENS BEHIND THEM)

-- and a man comes in.

(A MAN ENTERS. HE IS WEARING A TRENCH COAT AND SLOUCH HAT)

He's wearing a trench coat and a slouch hat. He orders a cup of coffee and then he says that he's waiting for somebody. But the private eye recognizes the man is Dirty Eddie, a ~~gangster~~ murderer.

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

So he tries to call the police, but the phone is out of order.

(MAN HAS SEATED HIMSELF AT TABLE. HIS NAME IS EDDIE)

EDDIE

Cup of coffee.

MENASHA

(LOOKING AROUND)

Oh, excuse me... One cup of coffee, coming up...

(HE GOES AROUND BEHIND COUNTER AND GETS COFFEE IN CUP, BRINGS IT OVER TO EDDIE AT TABLE. AS HE IS ABOUT TO SET IT DOWN IN FRONT OF EDDIE HE SAYS:)

One cup of coffee. Will that be all?

EDDIE

That's all. I'm waiting here for somebody.

(AS HE SAYS THIS, MENASHA DOES A STARTLED TAKE, JUGGLES CUP AND SAUCER, FINALLY MANAGES TO PUT THEM DOWN)

What's the matter, Mac? Anything wrong?

MENASHA (COVERING)

Oh, no-- no-- I'm just tired... sleepy....

MENASHA (Cont'd)

(BACKS AWAY)

Everything is fine and dandy!

~~(GETS OVER TO MRS. DAVIS, NODS BACK AT EDDIE)~~

Oh, ~~Mrs. Davis~~ nanny, are we in trouble!

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

What are you talking about?

MENASHA (SOTTO)

Him. That's Dirty Eddie, the gangster.

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha, that's preposterous!

MENASHA

He may look like Preposterous to you, but to me he looks like Dirty Eddie. Don't you see, Mrs. Davis? The slouch coat-- trench hat-- he's waiting for somebody. I'm going to call the police.

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha, this is ridiculous.

MENASHA

(GOES TO PHONE, TRIES TO GET A SIGNAL TONE, JIGGLES HOOK)

Maybe it's ridiculous, but when we're found dead, I'll say "I told you so."

(JIGGLES HOOK)

So I better call the police.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

But why?

MENASHA

I wouldn't be found dead with you.
(JIGGLES HOOK, REALIZES PHONE IS OUT, HANGS UP)

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

Well?

MENASHA

It's happening just like it said in the book. We're not dead yet but the phone is!

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

Now, that is serious.
(GETS UP, MAKES READY TO LEAVE)
I'll be right back.

MENASHA

You mean you gonna leave me here alone with a murderer?

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

Oh, I'll be back in a minute. I'm just going next door to ~~make~~ a call.

MENASHA

~~Oh, now you're talking, Mrs. Davis.~~
And I'll keep ~~watch~~ an eye on Dirty Eddie.
(YAWNS, RUBS HIS EYES)
Oh, could I use a private eye now.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nancy.

What for?

MENASHA

(PULLING HIS EYES OPEN)

Because these two are so sleepy.

(SHE SHRUGS AND EXITS. MENASHA SITS AT TABLE OPPOSITE EDDIE AND STARES AT HIM. HE GOES INTO A "TRYING TO KEEP AWAKE" BIT. HE KEEPS DOZING OFF AND COMING TO. HE TRIES EVERY-THING TO KEEP HIMSELF AWAKE. HOLDS HIS EYES OPEN FROM THE TOP. HOLDS HIS EYES OPEN FROM UNDERNEATH. SLAPS HIS FACE. PINCHES HIMSELF. FINALLY HIS HEAD SINKS DOWN ON THE TABLE AND HE FALLS ASLEEP. THE STAGE DARKENS EXCEPT FOR SPOT ON MENASHA. AN EERIE, SPELLBOUND TYPE MUSIC IS INTRODUCED UNDERNEATH. WAVES WASH OVER THE LENS. WE BEGIN TO GET A DISTORTION AND THE SCENE STARTS TO GO OUT OF FOCUS. OVER THE DISTORTION AND DREAM EFFECT WE HEAR MENASHA'S VOICE PRE-RECORDED ON ECHO)

MENASHA (PRE-RECORDED)

(ECHO)

Sleepy... I'm sleepy... I'm so sleepy... ~~Tune in tomorrow at the same time .... before you~~

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

~~could say Leo Durocher sandwich...~~

~~Menhanic... not mechanic, mechanic...~~

private eye... kiss the secretary beautiful blonde...

Dirty Eddie... ~~if I was a private eye, I would know what to do...~~

Yeh... private eye... private eye...

(BEGIN SOUND FADE)

private eye... private eye...

private ... private eye....

(CAMERA STARTS BACK IN FOCUS AT START OF THE REPETITION OF "PRIVATE EYE." SLOWLY COMES OUT OF DREAM EFFECT AND FOCUSES ON SIGN ON WINDOW, WHICH READS:

MENASHA SPADE

PRIVATE EYE

(THE EYE WINKS IN AND OUT SEVERAL TIMES AS CAMERA DOLLIES BACK TO REVEAL INTERIOR OF PRIVATE EYE OFFICE. A MAN IS SEATED AT DESK BUT FACED AWAY FROM CAMERA. HE SWINGS HIS CHAIR AROUND AND FACES CAMERA. IT IS MENASHA, WEARING A SHERLOCK HOLMES CAP AND CAPE AND SMOKING A CURVED PIPE.)

MENASHA

(NARRATING, A LA PRIVATE EYE)

My name is Spade-- Menasha Spade.

(PICKS UP MAGNIFYING GLASS FROM DESK)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

I'm a Private Eyeglass. You've heard of the Fat Man - the Thin Man. Well they call me the Middle-Man. I've done all right in this racket by keeping my nose to the grind-stone. I been doing that for a long time. You should have seen the nose I started with. I was sitting in my office with the cold San Francisco breezes chilling my bones. That made me suspicious. My office is in New York.

(A FACE AND HAND WITH GUN APPEAR IN WINDOW)

MENASHA

Excuse me.

(HE PICKS UP GUN AND WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING SHOOTS AT WINDOW. HAND DROPS GUN AND WE HEAR A BODY FALL)

All of a sudden there was a knock at the door. I couldn't think of anything to say, so I took a chance.

(UP)

Come in.

(DOOR OPENS AND A BEAUTIFUL BABE ENTERS. SHE IS WEARING A BATHING SUIT)

MENASHA

It was one of my secretaries. The ugly one. I'm a good boss. Instead of a vacation every summer, ~~for two weeks~~ I let her wear her bathing suit in the office.

(TO HER) for two weeks.

So-- what's on your--uh--mind, baby?

SECRETARY

You forgot to pay me last week, boss.

MENASHA

All right. Come here.

(THEY EMBRACE, BIG KSS)

SECRETARY

(SHE SWOONS, COMES TO, GASPING)

Boss, where did you ever learn to kiss like that?

MENASHA

Drinking water from slow fountains.

SECRETARY

Gee, boss, you're the best boss a girl ever had.

MENASHA

Oh, this I know.

SECRETARY

Boss, honey, how about an advance on next week's salary?

MENASHA

An advance you want? What do you think I'm made of-- kisses?

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, boss.

MENASHA

Get back to work, and from now on don't bother me with payroll in the middle of the day.

SECRETARY

Boss, there's somebody waiting to see you.

MENASHA

Tell him to go away.

SECRETARY

It's a beautiful blonde.

MENASHA

Send her in.

SECRETARY

Gee, boss, you're the best boss a girl ever had.

(SHE OPENS DOOR AND EXITS. A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE WALKS IN. SHE IS BEAUTIFULLY GOWNED. MENASHA COMES AROUND IN FRONT OF HIS DESK TO GREET HER. THEY EMBRACE AND KISS. SHE SWOONS BUT RECOVERS. HE HELPS HER TO CHAIR)

MENASHA

I'm sorry. I don't know my own strength.

LORETTA

Only one man can kiss like that. You must be Menasha Spade.

MENASHA

In person.

LORETTA

Allow me to introduce myself.

MENASHA

My permission you got.

LORETTA

I am Loretta Sidewalk. You've probably heard of my family. We've lived in Manhattan for years.

MENASHA

Oh, sure. The Sidewalks of New York.

(HE GOES BEHIND DESK AND SITS) Well, how are you?

~~You would like a drink, possibly?~~

(A MASKED MAN ENTERS PICTURE FROM THE SIDE AND BEGINS TO GET BEHIND MENASHA WITH A LONG KNIFE IN HIS HAND. MENASHA SHOOTS HIM AND HE FALLS, SPRAWLS OVER DESK, WHERE HE REMAINS THROUGHOUT SCENE)

LORETTA

I could use a drink.

MENASHA

What would you like? Johnny Walker, Haig and Haig, Black and White?

LORETTA

I'll take Black and White.

MENASHA

Good. How do you want it-- chocolate ice cream with vanilla soda, or vanilla ice cream with chocolate soda?

LORETTA

On second thought, forget it.

MENASHA

As you please. So, What can I do for you?

LORETTA

Well, this morning my husband Eddie took out a big insurance policy. So this afternoon I shot him. He's dead.

MENASHA

I see. And you want me to find out who the murderer is.

LORETTA

I tell you I shot him.

MENASHA

Yes, you shot him, but you didn't kill him.

(A MAN CLIMBS THRU WINDOW IN BACK AND ADVANCES ON MENASHA WITH BLACK JACK. MENASHA SHOOTS HIM AND MAN SPRAWLS ON DESK AND REMAINS THERE)

LORETTA

What do you mean I didn't kill him?

MENASHA

You couldn't have killed him because you don't have a criminal face.

LORETTA

I don't understand you. You mean there is a typical criminal face.

MENASHA

Absolutely.

LORETTA

What is it like?

MENASHA

Well, it's a slanty brow, little brown eyes, a short pointy nose full lips and a small chin.

LORETTA

But-- but-- that's a perfect description of yourself.

MENASHA

Exactly. In order to find the murderer we have to find somebody that looks exactly like me.

LORETTA (Cont.)

Why -- you're a genius.

MENASHA

Genius. Uh-- not genius. Genius.

LORETTA

Will you take the job?

(A MAN SLINKS IN FROM THE DOOR WITH A MACHINE GUN IN HIS HANDS. MENASHA SHOOTS HIM AND MAN SPRAWLS ACROSS DESK AND REMAINS THERE. THERE ARE NOW THREE MEN SPRAWLED OVER THE DESK AND IT'S GETTING A LITTLE DIFFICULT FOR MENASHA TO SEE OVER IT. IN ORDER TO TALK TO THE GIRL HE HAS TO GET UP)

MENASHA

All right. Now, tell me, who do you think is a likely suspect?

LORETTA

Well, there's Sunny Shaw. She was his wife before me. You should see her face. It's criminal.

MENASHA

I'll go right over and see her. What does she do?

LORETTA

She models fur coats in a store.

MENASHA

Where is the store?

LORETTA

Downtown, but watch out. She's dangerous.

MENASHA

Oh, I'll take along my 38.

LORETTA

Your 38?

MENASHA

Sure. Ten cents there, ten cents back and eighteen cents for lunch. ~~expenses.~~

(BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: A STORE WINDOW)

(CAMERA LOOKS THROUGH WINDOW BEHIND WHICH IS A BEAUTIFUL BABE MODELING A FUR COAT. MENASHA BACKS ON SET OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. HE TURNS AND HE IS WEARING AN ORGAN GRINDER'S OUTFIT, CARRYING HAND ORGAN AND MONKEY)

MENASHA

When Menasha Spade goes out to get his man, he gets him even if he's a woman.

(SEES GAL)

Aha! This must be Sunny Shaw. (More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

I'll go in the store and ask her a few questions.

(HE EXITS. A MAN APPEARS AT BACK OF SHOP WINDOW. HE IS CARRYING A DUMMY)

WINDOW DRESSER

Miss Shaw,

Okay, Miss Shaw. You can go for a sandwich. I'll put the coat on this dummy.

SUNNY

Thanks.

(SHE TAKES OFF COAT AND HANDS IT TO HIM. HE PUTS IT ON DUMMY AND THEY EXIT. MENASHA COMES IN FROM THE OTHER SIDE WITHOUT THE ORGAN AND THE MONKEY. HE GOES RIGHT UP TO THE DUMMY AND HOLDS A GUN ON IT)

MENASHA

Okay, baby, I got you covered. You better come across.

(PAUSE)

I'm warning you. I'm Menasha Spade. You better answer me or I'll get mad.

(PAUSE)

So you won't talk, huh? Well, I'll just have to arrest you, that's all.

MENASHA (Cont'd)

(TAKES A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS FROM HIS POCKET AND SLIPS ONE ON DUMMY'S HAND AND ONE ON HIS OWN AND STARTS OFF. DUMMY'S ARM COMES OFF)

MENASHA

Trying to get away, huh?

(REALIZES ARM IS OFF)

Oh, excuse me. I don't know my own strength.

(SUNNY SHAW ENTERS)

SUNNY

What are you doing here?

Who are you?

MENASHA

(WHIPPING OFF HIS MUSTACHE)

I'm Menasha Spade.

SUNNY

(EMBRACES AND KISSES HIM)

Oh, it's so nice meeting you. I'm Sunny Shaw. You may have heard of my family. They've lived in California for years.

MENASHA

Oh, sure. The Sunny Shaws of California.

SUNNY

What do you want from me?

MENASHA

Who killed Eddie Sidewalk?

SUNNY

All right. I confess. I did it. I stabbed him to death with this knife.

(SHE SHOWS HIM A KNIFE)

MENASHA

(LOOKING CLOSELY AT KNIFE)

Tell me something. Are you right-handed or left-handed?

SUNNY

Right-handed. Why?

MENASHA

Then you couldn't have killed him with this knife. It's a left-handed knife.

SUNNY

You mean you're gonna let me go?

(A MAN APPEARS AT SIDE WITH A SPEAR, CREEPING UP ON MENASHA, WHO CALMLY SHOOTS HIM WITHOUT LOOKING AT HIM. MAN FALLS)

MENASHA

That's right, baby. I'm gonna let you go. Now, who else is a likeable suspect?

SUNNY

Why don't you try Margie Brown? She was his wife before I was.

(A MAN CREEPS IN FROM THE SIDE WITH A BOW AND ARROW WHICH HE IS AIMING AT MENASHA, MENASHA SHOOTS HIM.)

MENASHA

All right. I'll go right over to see her.

SUNNY

How about me?

MENASHA

You be at my office tomorrow morning at ten o'clock sharp, dead or alive!

BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: HOME INTERIOR)

(BEAUTIFUL BABE SITTING ON COUCH SMOKING A CIGARETTE WITH HER LEGS CROSSED. THERE IS A KNOCK ON DOOR. SHE GETS UP AND OPENS DOOR. MENASHA ENTERS. HE IS WEARING A FIREMAN'S HAT, RAINCOAT AND BOOTS, AND DRAGGING A FIRE HOSE)

MARGIE

What do you want?

MENASHA

Do you expect to have a fire?

MARGIE

No.

MENASHA

So how about a couple of tickets to the Fireman's Ball?

MARGIE

No.

MENASHA

(TAKING OFF FIRE HAT AND PUTTING ON POLICEMAN'S HAT)

So how about a couple of tickets to the Policeman's Ball?

MARGIE

(DRAWING GUN)

I get it. You're a copper.

(SHE SHOOTS HIM)

Well, why don't you fall? I just shot you through the heart.

MENASHA

You missed me. My heart was in my mouth.

MARGIE

Why, then-- you must be-- Menasha Spade!

MENASHA

(DOFFING COSTUME)

In person!

(SHE EMBRACES HIM AND KISSES HIM)

MARGIE

I'm pleased to meet you. My name is Margie Brown. You may have

(More)

MARGIE (Cont'd)

heard of my family. They've lived in St. Louis for years.

MENASHA

Oh, of course. The St. Louis Browns.

(A MAN RISES FROM BEHIND THE COUCH. HE IS AIMING A LARGE SLING-SHOT AT MENASHA. MENASHA SHOOTS HIM AND HE FALLS HEAD DOWN OVER THE COUCH)

MARGIE

Why don't we go over here where we can be more comfortable?

(SHE LEADS HIM TO THE COUCH WHERE THEY SIT. THE BODY OF THE MAN IS BETWEEN THEM)

MARGIE

Now what can I do for you?

MENASHA

I am looking for the murderer of Eddie Sidewalk.

MARGIE

All right. I confess . I did it! I poisoned him.

MENASHA

How did you do it?

MARGIE

I put cyanide in his coffee and he went right to sleep.

MENASHA

You didn't murder him.

MARGIE

But I tell you I poisoned his coffee and he went to sleep.

MENASHA

Don't be silly. Don't you know coffee keeps you awake?

MARGIE

Maybe you're right. What do you want me to do now?

MENASHA

Be at my office tomorrow morning at ten o'clock sharp. I'll know who the murderer is or my name is mud!

(BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: PRIVATE EYE OFFICE)

(MENASHA SEATED AT DESK, WITH THE THREE BEAUTIFUL BABES SEATED IN ROOM. SECRETARY AT SIDE OF DESK POISED FOR DICTATION)

MENASHA

My name is ~~Menasha~~ Mud. Menasha Mud. And we'll find out who the murderer is or my name ain't Mud!

SECRETARY

Who done it, boss?

MENASHA

~~Keep quiet.~~ Shut Up!

SECRETARY

Gee, boss, you're the best boss a girl ever had.

MENASHA

Now, let's review the case.

(HE POINTS AT EACH GIRL AS HE TALKS)

You shot him, but you didn't kill him. You stabbed him, but you didn't kill him. You poinsoned him but you didn't kill him.

~~SECRETARY~~

~~So who done it, boss?~~

MENASHA

I know you from somewhere but I can't place the kisser.

SECRETARY

I'm your secretary, boss.

MENASHA

How long you been working for me?

SECRETARY

Fifteen years.

MENASHA

What's your name?

SECRETARY

Helen.

MENASHA

Helen. A nice name. You know, I like you.

SECRETARY

Gee, boss, you're the best boss a girl ever had.

MENASHA

Tell me something. How would you like to be a murderer?

SECRETARY

What do you mean?

MENASHA

Well, I got to find the murderer. Otherwise I'll be the laughing stock. So you'll just have to confess.

SECRETARY

But I didn't do it.

MENASHA

Don't bother me with technicalities.

SECRETARY

But, boss, if I confess, the cops'll come and take me away.

MENASHA

Oh, no, I ~~wouldn't~~ won't let them ~~do it. I should let them~~ take away my favorite secretary? Never.

(SHOOTS HER. SHE DOES A DELAYED FALL)

SECRETARY (DYING)

Gee, boss, -- you're the best boss-- a girl ever-- had.

MENASHA

Anything I could do for you
before I go?

SECRETARY (DYING)

Yes. Here, take this necklace.
And whenever you look at it,
think of me.

(SHE SLUMPS)

MENASHA

(PATTING HER HEAD)

A good girl. Too bad such a
nice girl was a murderer.

SECRETARY

Boss, before I go, there's one
more thing I'd like to give you.

MENASHA

Let me have it.

(SHE SHOOTS HIM)

MENASHA

Ouch! Gee, she's the best
secretary a boss ever had.

(HE SLUMPS OVER AND DIES.)

SUNNY

But he's not Martin Kane. That's Menasha Spade.

KILLER

Oh, no! How do you like that? I told you guys we were on the wrong show! Come on!

(THEY EXIT)

MARGIE

Poor Menasha!

(THE THREE GIRLS GATHER ROUND MENASHA)

LORETTA

Poor Menasha!

SUNNY

Poor Menasha!

(CAMERA BEGINS DREAM DISTORTION EFFECT AS BEFORE. WAVES WASH OVER LENS AND THE EERIE, SPELLBOUND MUSIC IS INTRODUCED AGAIN. THE STAGE IS DARK EXCEPT FOR A SPOTLIGHT ON MENASHA AND GIRLS IN CENTER)

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Girls Recorded.

(ECHO)

Poor Menasha... poor Menasha...

poor Menasha... poor Menasha...

poor Menasha... poor Menasha...

(CAMERA STARTS BACK IN FOCUS AT START OF MRS. DAVIS REPETITION OF "POOR MENASHA." SLOWLY COMES OUT OF

(More)

DREAM TO REVEAL THE RESTAURANT SET, AS BEFORE. MENASHA IS ASLEEP AT THE TABLE. MRS. DAVIS IS STANDING OVER HIM SHAKING HIM GENTLY. EDDIE IS STILL SEATED AT HIS TABLE DRINKING HIS COFFEE)

MRS. DAVIS (LIVE)

Poor Menasha. He was so sleepy and tired. Come on, Menasha. Get up. Get up.

MENASHA

(STARTS TO STIR, EYES CLOSED)

Umm... they killed me. I'm dead. I must be in heaven.

(OPENS EYES TENTATIVELY, LOOKS UP AT MRS. DAVIS, SHUDDERS)

MENASHA

This is heaven?

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha, what are you talking about?

MENASHA

Oh, I forgot you weren't there. They killed me in my office, because I found out who the murderer was.

MRS. DAVIS

What? You must have had a night-mare.

MENASHA

Nightmare? ~~Where am I? What happened?~~

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nancy.

Don't you remember? The phone was out of order so I went next door? I was only out there five minutes and when I got back here you were fast asleep.

MENASHA

You mean the whole thing was a dream? All those girls kissing me?

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nancy.

Girls kissing you?

MENASHA

~~You're right. It was a dream.~~ Nancy Look!

(SEES EDDIE DRINKING COFFEE)

Wait a minute! It can't be. That's Dirty Eddie Sidewalk.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan

Dirty sidewalk? What are you talking about?

MENASHA

That's the feller who was married to three girls and my secretary killed him.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~

~~Your secretary?~~

MENASHA

Yeh. Helen. Gee, she was the best secretary a boss ever had.

MRS. DAVIS

That must have been some dream.

MENASHA

You should have seen those girls. They were beautiful.

(THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND OUR FRIENDS LORETTA, SUNNY, MARGIE AND HELEN ENTER. THEY SEE EDDIE AND COME OVER TO HIS TABLE, AD LIB GREETINGS, "HYA, EDDIE"..."HYA, GIRLS"...ETC)

Nancy

~~Mrs. Davis~~! Those are the girls. It wasn't a dream. It was real.

MRS. DAVIS

Menasha, you must be mistaken.

MENASHA

I tell you, I'm not mistaken. Those are the girls. ~~I even know their names~~. Loretta, Sunny, Margie and Helen. Helen was my secretary and she gave me a necklace.

~~MRS. DAVIS~~ Nan.

You're crazy.

EDDIE

Hi, Loretta, ~~baby~~. Hi, Sunny. Hi, Margie. Hi, Helen, ~~sweetie~~.

(OBVIOUSLY THEY ARE VERY FRIENDLY. (More)

THIS IS NO CHANCE MEETING. THEY KNOW EACH OTHER VERY WELL AND EXCHANGE KISSES WITH EDDIE)

MENASHA

See, what did I tell you? I even recognize the kisses. Now, what do you say, Mrs. Davis? You gonna call the police?

MRS. DAVIS

Don't be silly. It's just a coincidence.

MENASHA

But, Mrs. Davis, believe me. I know what I'm talking about.

(THE GIRLS AND EDDIE GET UP AND MAKE READY TO LEAVE)

EDDIE

(CALLING TO MRS. DAVIS)

I left the money on the table here. Thanks a lot.

(THEY START OUT)

MRS. DAVIS

(CALLING TO EDDIE)

Thank you. Call again.

MENASHA

Mrs. Davis, why don't you call the police? You're gonna let them get away?

MRS. DAVIS

Of course.

NANCY

Menasha, enough is enough. Those girls are in the play at the theatre down the block. And that man is the director. Now are you satisfied that it was only a dream?

MENASHA

A dream? But Nancy, could you explain one little thing for me?

NANCY

What's that?

MENASHA

(TAKING NECCKLACE OUT OF POCKET AND HOLDING IT UP.)

Could you tell me where I got this?

(DOLLY IN ON MENASHA HOLDING NECKLACE)

FADE OUT

FINI

Mimeo'd by Netzer

Music

GEORGE FOSTER

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

September 11, 1950

~~Written~~

~~by~~

~~GEORGE FOSTER and MORT GREEN~~

Produced by: MARTIN GOODMAN

Directed by: VINCENT J. DONEHUE

"MENASHA THE MAGNIFICENT"

Willie the W. AT BEG.

THE SET: RESTAURANT

MENASHA ENTERS SINGING "OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING." HE IS WEARING A DUSTER, DRIVING CAP, GOGGLES. NANCY LOOKS AT HIM IN AMAZEMENT.

MENASHA

Hello, Nancy.

NANCY

Good morning, Menasha. What's the idea of the outfit?

MENASHA

It was such a nice morning I thought I'd drive down.

NANCY

But that outfit went out with the Stanley Steamer.

MENASHA

So what kind of a car do you think I have?

NANCY

A Stanley Steamer?

MENASHA

Would you like to go for a drive with me?

NANCY

Are you sure the thing runs?

MENASHA

Oh, sure. I don't have to

(More)

MENASHA (Cont)

worry as long as I have a crank with me. So you want to ~~come~~ go? } — read together

NANCY

No, I don't think so. Besides, here comes a customer. Get rid of those clothes, Menasha.

(A MAN ENTERS CARRYING A LARGE PAPER BAG...SITS DOWN...PUTS BAG ON FLOOR)

MENASHA

Hello. Come right in - Take a chair.

MAN

Good afternoon, folks. Charming little place you have here.

MENASHA

Thank you. .

MAN

I wouldn't think of eating anywhere else.

MENASHA (TO NANCY)

You hear that, Nancy? (TURNS TO MAN) What would you like to have? Some nice fish, maybe?

MAN (CHEERFULLY)

No, thank you!

MENASHA

How about a nice ham sandwich?

MAN

That's just what I'm going to have!
(MENASHA STARTS TO WRITE...MAN TAKES SANDWICH FROM BAG AND BEGINS TO EAT)

1:20
1:46

MAN

Mustard, please!

MENASHA

Of course -- we aim to please!

(MENASHA HANDS MAN JAR OF MUSTARD.)

MAN

That's why I eat here.

MENAHSA

How about an order of French Fried potatoes to go with the sandwich?

MAN

That's exactly what I had in mind -- an order of French Fried potatoes.

(MENASHA TURNS TOWARD KITCHEN. MAN REACHES INTO BAG AND BRINGS FORTH A PLATE OF FRENCH RRIED POTAOTES AND PLACES IT ON TABLE.)

~~MENASHA (CALLS)~~

~~One order of French fries.~~

(HE TURNS BACK AND SEES THE POTATOES ON THE TABLE, THEN BEGINS TO BURN.)

MAN

Ketchup, please!

(MENASHA DOES A "TAKE", THEN HANDS KETCHUP BOTTLE TO MAN WHO EMPTIES THE ENTIRE THING OVER HIS POTATOES.)

MAN

Thank you -- wonderful service! I wouldn't eat anywhere else.

(HE HANDS THE BOTTLE BACK TO MENASHA WHO LOOKS INSIDE, THEN THROWS IT ASIDE) 2:00

MENASHA

Now that you have the sandwich and potatoes, how about a cup of coffee?

MAN

You must have read my mind. 2:40

~~MENASHA (HAPPILY)~~

~~I knew I'd hit it in time!~~

(AS MENASHA REACHES FOR THE COFFEE POT, THE MAN TAKES A THERMOS BOTTLE OF COFFEE FROM THE BAG AND POURS IT INTO HIS CUP. MENASHA "TAKES" IT BIG.)

MAN

I just adore eating here. -- Would you pass the sugar, please?

(MENASHA PLUNKS DOWN THE SUGAR BOWL FILLED WITH LUMP SUGAR.)

MAN

Thank you -- I like it sweet.

(THE MAN DIGS INTO THE BOWL, TAKES OUT A WHOLE HANDFUL OF LUMPS AND DROPS THEM INTO THE CUP OF COFFEE. MENASHA PICKS UP THE BOWL, LOOKS INTO IT, THEN TAKES OUT THE LAST CUBE.)

MENASHA (HOLDING UP LUMP)

You forgot this!

MAN

Not too sweet...I have enough, thank you.

MENASHA

Take it anyway -- you never know when you might run into a horse.

NANCY

Get rid of him, Menasha.

MENASHA

No, I'll sell him something yet! (TURNS TO MAN) How about a nice Chocolate Ice Cream Sundae for dessert? -- With a big cherry on top! (GETS CLOSE TO MAN) And don't tell me you've got <u>that</u> in your bag!

MAN

Of course not! 3:00

(MAN TAKES SUNDAE FROM POCKET OF COAT TAIL. TAKES BAG OF CHERRIES FROM BREAST POCKET AND PUTS ONE ON TOP.)

NANCY

Menasha, get him out of here!

MENASHA (FURIOUS)

Now look, Mister, I'm a patient man. 3:30 I'm a very patient man, but I'm about to loose my patience!!!

(MAN GRABS HAT, BAG AND LEAVES HURRIEDLY)

Look, Nancy, I scared him. I didn't know my own strength!

JOHNSON

That does it! Forget it! Make believe I never came in here, because from now on I won't!

(HE EXITS ANGRILY)

MENASHA

(RUEFULLY LOOKING AT HIS SLICED MEATS)

Just because he doesn't like music, I'm stuck with four pounds of roast beef and four pounds of salami.

(LOOKS AT MEAT SADLY. TOMMY ENTERS FROM FRONT DOOR AND SITS AT TABLE. MENASHA BUSTLES OVER TO HIM)

Hello, Tommy.

TOMMY

Hya. Gimme a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk. My mother'll pay you later.

MENASHA

Apple pie and milk. Coming up. Wait a minute! Why aren't you eating upstairs in the house? Your mother don't feel good?

TOMMY

No, she's all right, but I don't want her to know I'm not in school.

MENASHA

Oh, that's a good reason --

(TAKE)

Wait a minute! Today is the first day. Why aren't you in school?

TOMMY

I don't like it.

MENASHA

Who are you not to like school? Listen, Tommy, do you realize that when Abraham Lincoln was you age he used to walk ten miles to go to school every day? 4:00 4:30

TOMMY

Well, when he was your age he was President.

MENASHA

Only because he went to school. Everybody should go to school.

TOMMY

Did you go?

MENASHA

Of course. And look what it did for me.

(PAUSE)

Well?

TOMMY

I'm looking.

MENASHA

Listen, you think anybody could be the manager of a restaurant?

TOMMY

You're the manager?

MENASHA

Manager. Uh - not manager. Manager. Listen, for your information, let me ask you a question.

TOMMY

For my information?

MENASHA

If you don't go to school, you'll grow up ~~and you wouldn't know any thing.~~ to be a dummy or my name ain't "Menasha."

TOMMY

That's not a question.

MENASHA

So. I'll make it a question. Oh. All right. If you don't go to school, will you ~~know any thing if you grow up?~~ grow up to be a dummy named "Menasha"?

TOMMY

Huh?

MENASHA

And I'll show you something else. What grade are you in?

TOMMY

I'm in the sixth grade of grammar school.

MENASHA

The sixth grade? Already? My goodness, the worst part is over. All you need is two more years in grammar school, 4 years in high school and 4 years in college and you're finished.

TOMMY

But, Menasha, that's ten years more.

MENASHA

Ten years? Now, I'll show you how wrong you are. In the first place, you only go 40 weeks a year. So that's 400 weeks. Four hundred weeks divided by 52 weeks a year is about 8 years. You follow me?

TOMMY

Yeah -- I guess so.

MENASHA

Good. Follow me closely so you wouldn't get lost. Now, you only go to school five days a week. So that leaves two days a week you don't go. Two days a week for 52 weeks is a hundred days a year. A hundred days a a year for 10 years is a thousand

MENASHA(Cont)

days, A thousand days is 3 years. 6:00
So 3 years from 8 years leaves
five years. You following me?

TOMMY

I think so.

MENASHA

Okay. Now, how many hours a day
do you go to school.

TOMMY

5
~~Six~~ hours.

MENASHA

3
~~Six~~ hours. That's only one fifth
~~quarter~~ of a day. This means
that ~~three quarters~~ 4/5 of the time 6:30
you ain't even going to school
at all, so take ~~three quarters~~ 4/5
5
from ~~four~~ years and you're down
to one year.

TOMMY

One year?

MENASHA

That's right. One more year
and you'll be finished with
college.

TOMMY

Gee, Menasha, I didn't figure
it out like that.

MENASHA

Sure,but if you'll go to school
you'll be able to figure just as good as
~~like~~ me. So what do you say?

TOMMY

I don't know.

MENASHA

Listen, if you go to school, you 7:00 | 7:30
could grow up to be a doctor, a
lawyer, even an Indian Chief.

(More)

(TOMMY GETS UP, STARTS TO LEAVE)

~~MENASHA (Cont'd)~~

~~So you going back to school?~~

TOMMY

No. You reminded me. ~~I'm goin' to the movies~~. There's a cowboy and Indian picture playin'. I'm goin' to the movies!

(HE EXITS)

MENASHA

(CALLING AFTER HIM)

Tommy! Yoo-hoo, Tommy! You better go to school. They wouldn't let you play football if you play hockey.

(NANCY ENTERS FROM KITCHEN)

NANCY

What's all the racket about, Menasha?

MENASHA

Oh, Nancy, I'm telling you. I can't understand it. A boy has a chance to go to school and he doesn't wanna. 7:30 / 8:05

NANCY

Who's that?

MENASHA

Little Tommy O'Brien. He was just in here and I tried to show him how important it is to go

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

to school. It's so important. You could be anything you want in this country if you only go to school.

NANCY

What do you mean?

MENASHA → Look at Marconi, for instance, he went to school and invented macaroni.

Well, take Edison. He went to school and he invented the electric bill.

NANCY

What??

MENASHA

And look at Fulton. He went to school and he invented the fish-market.

NANCY

Um-h'm.

MENASHA

And look at Singer. He went to school and invented midgets.

NANCY

Menasha! I can see why you couldn't convince the boy ~~didn't want~~ to go back to his class.

(STARTS FOR DOOR)

I'll be back in an hour.

MENASHA

Okay, Nancy. Where are you going?

NANCY

I'm going to lunch.

(SHE EXITS)

MENASHA

That's good --

(TAKE)

My hearing must be bad. I thought she said she's going to lunch.

(MENASHA STARTS FOR COUNTER AS MILDRED BENTON ENTERS FROM FRONT DOOR. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY AGITATED. SHE COMES TO TABLE AND SITS. MENASHA COMES OVER)

MENASHA

Hello, Mildred -- uh -- Miss Benton.

MILDRED

Hello, Menasha.

MENASHA

Honestly, I don't know what to call you any more. I know you since you were knee-high to a grass-cutter. First it was Baby, then Millie, then Stinky, then Mildred, then Miss Benton, and now it's Teacher.

MILDRED

Substitute teacher, Menasha.
Just a substitute.

MENASHA

So? Some times a substitute is
even better than the real thing.

MILDRED (BITTERLY)

Not for me it isn't.

MENASHA

What's the matter? Something 9:00
is wrong? Sit down - Why don't you sit down?

MILDRED

Everything is wrong, Menasha.
I wish I'd never studied all
these years to become a teacher.
I would have been better off if
I'd never gone to school at all.

MENASHA

What's the matter with everybody
today? Nobody wants to go to
school. What's wrong with school?
It's got the measles?

MILDRED (LAUGHS UNHAPPILY)

Oh, it isn't that, Menasha. It's
just that I have a problem.

MENASHA

What's the problem?

MILDRED

Well, the Board of Education

(More)

MILDRED (Cont'd)

just called. They want me to take over a class for a few days.

MENASHA

~~This is a problem?~~ It's wonderful. ~~You're a substitute teacher.~~ What's your problem? You were waiting for a chance like this. Now you got it. So what's the problem?

MILDRED

Well, I'd love to take the job. But I can't.

MENASHA

Why not?

MILDRED

~~Because~~ while I was waiting to get a job as a substitute, I had to take another job so I could support my mother and my young brother.

9:30

MENASHA

Oh, I see. And now you got to make a choice between the two jobs?

MILDRED

Well, you see, if I could just get by tomorrow with school, I could be shifted to a later time at my other job, so I could handle both.

MENASHA: That's right.

In other words, ~~if~~ you could play hockey from school for one day, you could keep both jobs.

MILDRED

~~That's right. But I've got to accept the teaching job.~~ I don't know what to do. If I could just find somebody to mind the class for a few hours -- oh, what's the use. ~~It'll never work out.~~ It's a hopeless situation.

MENASHA

Now, wait a minute. Don't get depressive. It's very simple. We got to get the bull by the tail and look him right in the face.

MILDRED

But who could I get to take over the class for me?

MENASHA

Well, let me see. Who do I know who is smart, clever, brilliant, and looks like a substitute?

(MILDRED GETS A BRIGHT IDEA ABOUT MENASHA AND BEGINS TO ADVANCE ON HIM. SHE PURSUES HIM AROUND THE RESTAURANT AS HE BACKS AWAY)

MENASHA

Oh, no. You can't do it. Believe me, it wouldn't work.

MILDRED

But, Menasha, why not? I need your help.

MENASHA

But not me, Mildred. I don't look like a teacher. I don't even look like a pupil.

10:30

MILDRED

But it's just for a couple of hours, Menasha. All it requires is a little bit of time.

MENASHA - Look - I'd love to do it for you - but it's impossible.

MENASHA

I haven't got the time.

MILDRED

All you need is just a little bit of patience.

MENASHA

I haven't got the patience.

MILDRED

It's only for a couple of hours, just to occupy their brains.

MENASHA

(CU OF MENASHA, SITTING AT TABLE, HEAD CUPPED IN HANDS)

I haven't got the brains.

10:50

11:50

(BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: RESTAURANT)

(SAME CU SHOT OF MENASHA AS BEFORE. AS WE DOLLY BACK WE SEE NANCY, SAME POSE. BOTH HAVE OBVIOUSLY EEN IN DEEP THOUGHT) 11:50

NANCY

I don't know what to tell you, Menasha. Why did you ever make such a rash promise?

MENASHA

I didn't make a rash. She forced me into it. What do I know about children? ~~I'm not even going steady with a girl.~~ I was never a mother.

NANCY

~~Well, I'm sure it won't come to that, but if you have any problems,~~ I've got an idea ~~for you~~. If you have to teach them anything make it in the form of a game. Instead of having a dull, uninteresting session of dates, names and events, make a game out of learning and they'll be easy to keep occupied. Do you follow me? 11:30

MENASHA

I follow you, but I don't understand you.

NANCY

Well, take history, for instance. You can make that very entertaining if you play a game called "What's My Name."

MENASHA

How do you play it?

NANCY

I'll show you. I was born in Genoa, and in 1492 I discovered America. What's my name?

MENASHA

You don't even know your own name? You're Nancy.

17:00

NANCY

No, no. You don't get it. It's the game. Now, listen. I was born in Genoa.

MENASHA

You were born in Genoa? I thought you were ~~a Brooklyn girl~~ born in February.

NANCY

Please, I'm explaining the game. In 1492, I sailed across the ocean and discovered America.

MENASHA

In 1492?

NANCY

That's right.

MENASHA

You sure you don't mean 1924?

NANCY

No. In 1492 I discovered America.

MENASHA

You know, you're older than I thought.

NANCY

Look, do you want to learn this game or don't you? 12:30

MENASHA

Sure. How does it go?

NANCY

I'm trying to tell you! I sailed across the ocean in 1492 and discovered America. What's my name?

MENASHA

Don't tell me —
Can you give me at least a little hint?

NANCY

A hint! All right, my name begins with a C.

MENASHA

Oh, sure. Seymour?

NANCY

No, Columbus.

MENASHA

Columbus begins with a C? I always thought it began with a K. 13:00

NANCY

No, no. Christopher Columbus! That's the answer, my name.

MENASHA

Oh, now I understand. You know, it's not a bad game. Let's play it again.

NANCY

You sure you understand it now?

MENASHA

Sure, sure. I get it. Give me another one and make it hard this time.

NANCY

Okay. Here we go. I am the President of the United States, my daughter sings and I play the piano. What's my name?

MENASHA

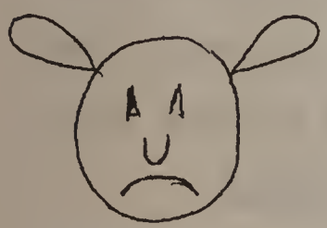
That's easy. Christopher Columbus!

(BLACKOUT)

(THE SET: PART OF A CLASSROOM. IN THE REAR OF THE STAGE IS A LARGE BLACKBOARD. AT STAGE RIGHT IS A TEACHER'S DESK FACING STAGE LEFT WHERE ABOUT SIX OR EIGHT STUDENTS' DESK CHAIRS ARE VISIBLE. THERE ARE SIX OR EIGHT CHILDREN IN THE CLASS.

(More)

ONE OF THE CHILDREN IS TOMMY, WHO IS EVIDENTLY THE CLASS BOSS. THERE IS A SMALL BOY WITH GLASSES WHO STANDS AT THE DOOR AND KEEPS LOOKING OUT EVERY FEW SECONDS, EVIDENTLY WATCHING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE TEACHER. A COUPLE OF THE KIDS ARE HAVING A BIT OF A FIGHT ABOUT SOMETHING AND ERASERS ARE FLYING. TOMMY GOES TO BLACKBOARD AND DRAWS:



"T E A C H E R"

(THE KIDS LAUGH WHEN HE FINISHES. THE BOY AT THE DOOR YELLS:)

Chickie! Here comes the teacher!

(THE KIDS QUICKLY TAKE THEIR SEATS GIGGLING ABOUT THE PICTURE ON THE BLACKBOARD)

TOMMY

Hey, kids. We'll fix this teacher. Leave it to me!

(HE GOES TO TEACHER'S CHAIR AND PLACES SOMETHING ON THE SEAT)

~~ALICE~~ Helen

What's that, Tommy?

TOMMY (WINKING SIGNIFICANTLY)

A long tack! 14:50

(THE KIDS GIGGLE BUT STIFLE IT AS THE DOOR OPENS AND MENASHA ENTERS WEARING A CAP AND GOWN. HE CARRIES A BRIEF CASE WHICH HE PLACES ON DESK. THEN HIS FUNNY WALK AND SINGS:

MENASHA

Good morning to you,
Good morning to you,
Good morning, dear pupils,
Good morning to you. 14:30

TOMMY (AMAZEMENT)

Menasha!

MENASHA

Oh, hello, Tommy. You took my advice and came back to school?

TOMMY

What are you doing here?

MENASHA

I took my advice, too. I'm the teacher.

TOMMY

You? You're the teacher?

MENASHA

Teacher. Not teacher. Teacher. 16:10

(MENASHA SEES THE PICTURE ON THE BLACKBOARD. TOMMY MAKES FUN OF HIM

(More)

BEHIND HIS BACK. KIDS TRY TO STIFLE GIGGLES. MENASHA WALKS TO BLACK-BOARD AND BEGINS DRAWING:

-0 -0 -0 -0

-0 -0 -0 -0

"P U P I L S"

(KIDS LAUGH OUT LOUD AND MENASHA COMES AWAY FROM THE BLACKBOARD WELL PLEASED WITH HIMSELF. HE GOES TO DESK AND FUSSES WITH IT BEFORE SIT-TING DOWN. KIDS ARE BREATHLESS WITH EXCITEMENT AND LAUGHTER, WAITING FOR HIM TO SIT ON THE TACK. HE FINALLY SITS. THERE IS NO REACTION AT ALL. KIDS WAIT, BREATHLESS)

MENASHA = O.K. Kids. What's that laughing for?

Now, let's get down to brass tacks. Before we start the class, I want you should know that your teacher's name is Miss Benton.

(KIDS LAUGH)

TOMMY

How do you spell it?

MENASHA

Benton. B like in Benton, E like in Enton, N like in Nton, Benton.

(KIDS LAUGH)

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

But for your information, I am not Miss Benton.

(KIDS LAUGH)

She is your substitute, but she couldn't be here for awhile so she asked me to take over. So I'm the substitute substitute. 16:00 My name is Menasha.

(KIDS LAUGH)

~~ALICE~~ Helen

How do you spell it?

MENASHA

Menasha. M like in Menasha, E like in Enasha, N like in Nasha, Menasha.

(KIDS LAUGH)

MENASHA

All right, that's the spelling lesson for today. Now, let's make history. We're gonna play a little game. Tommy, ~~stand up~~ come here. 16:30

(TOMMY LAUGHS, GETS UP)

We're gonna play a game called What's Your Name. You know how to play What's Your Name?

TOMMY

No.

MENASHA

All right, so I'll tell you. Here it is. You live on Madison Avenue and your mother is one of my customers, and your father is in the lumber business and they have a son named Tommy. What's Your Name?

TOMMY

Tommy O'Brian.

MENASHA

Wrong. It's Christopher Columbus!

TOMMY

Columbus?

MENASHA

Certainly. The same Columbus who discovered ~~the~~ Columbus circle in 1492. Any questions? 17:00 18:30 out 49 ✓

BOY

(RAISING HAND)

Teacher!

MENASHA

Yes?

(BOY STANDS MUTELY)

Oh. Sure. Go ahead.

(BOY EXITS)

Well, enough history. Rome wasn't burned in one day, you know. Now, we'll study some

(More)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

geography. If you'll all pay attention, I'll go to the black-board --

(GOES TO BOARD)

-- and draw some geography.

(WANTS TO ERASE DRAWINGS ON BOARD, PICKS UP TWO ERASERS. THEY ARE LOADED WITH CHALK. HE TURNS TO THE CLASS)

17:30

Who makes the erasers so dirty?

(HE CLAPS THE TWO ERASERS TOGETHER IN FRONT OF HIM AND THE CHALK DUST COVERS HIS FACE AND HAT. THE KIDS LAUGH. HE TURNS AND BEGINS ERASING THE BOARD. TOMMY MOTIONS TO THE REST OF THE CLASS, TAKES OUT A PEA-SHOOTER AND SHOOTS AT MENASHA, HITS HIM IN THE NECK.

Ouch! Remember - I'm warning you. I'll get mad, I

(HE LOOKS AT CLASS, BUT NOBODY IS MOVING. HE TURNS TO BLACKBOARD AND CONTINUES ERASING. TOMMY LOADS UP AND LETS HIM HAVE IT WITH THE PEA-SHOOTER AGAIN)

Ouch!

(MENASHA TURNS AND LOOKS AT THE CLASS, BUT NOBODY IS MOVING. HE TURNS BACK TO THE BOARD AND CONTINUES ERASING.

(More)

TOMMY TURNS TO HIS NEIGHBOR AND THEY LAUGH IT UP. MENASHA TURNS FROM BLACKBOARD, TAKES OUT GIANT PEA-SHOOTER AND LETS HIM HAVE IT)

TOMMY

Ouch!

~~MENASHA~~

~~I told you I went to school!~~

(TURNS BACK TO BOARD AND CONTINUES TO ERASE. ~~TOMMY~~ SITS THERE EMBARRASSED AND THE GIRL IN FRONT LAUGHS AT HIM AND TURNS AWAY. TOMMY FUMES, TAKES ONE OF HER PIGTAILS AND DIPS IT INTO THE INK)

GIRL

No! Tommy! You leave me alone! What did you do to me?

(STARTS TO CRY. MENASHA COMES OVER QUICKLY)

MENASHA

What happened?

GIRL

It's that terrible Tommy. He put one of my pigtails in the ink-well.

MENASHA

Tommy! What's the matter with you. You're such a bad boy! Why did you do such a thing?

TOMMY

Aw, she got me sore.

GIRL (~~CRYING~~)

Now, what'll I do? How can I go home like this? My mother will be so ~~angry.~~ *mad*.

MENASHA

Wait! I'll fix it. Your mother wouldn't be able to notice anything.

(HE TAKES HER TO DESK, GETS SCISSORS AND SNIPS OFF PIECE OF PIGTAIL)

There. How's that?

GIRL

But now one pigtail's longer than the other.

MENASHA

Oh, that's easy. I'll even them out.

(HE KEEPS GOING FROM ONE TO THE OTHER, TRYING TO EVEN THEM UP, BUT NEVER QUITE SUCCEEDING. FINALLY HE FINISHES THEM OFF COMPLETELY.

You know something? I like you better with a short haircut.

TOMMY

Yeah. Me too.

MENASHA

You keep quiet.

GIRL

But what about my mother?

MENASHA

I can't do it for her

If she wants a haircut she'll have to go to a beauty parlor.

19:00
20:30

GIRL (LAUGHS)

Gee, you're funny. And I don't care about the hair. I never did like the pigtails anyway.

TOMMY

Me, either. I think you look better this way. Don't she, kids?

(KIDS AD LIB "YEAH", "THAT'S NICE", ETC.)

MENASHA

Okay, everybody is friends again?

KIDS

Yeah. Let's have some more lessons, etc.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND MR. EDWARDS, THE PRINCIPAL, ENTERS ACCOMPANIED BY MRS. BROWN)

EDWARDS

(TALKING AS HE WALKS IN)

-- and as president of the PTA, Mrs. Brown, I'm sure you'd enjoy seeing this sixth grade class.

MRS. BROWN

Yes, Mr. Edwards. Thank you. 19:30

EDWARDS

Now, this class has a substitute teacher today. A Miss Benton.

(HE CALLS TO TEACHER'S DESK)

Oh, Miss Benton.

MENASHA

Yes?

EDWARDS

Miss Benton -- Miss -- Miss --

(DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE)

~~Where's~~ You're Miss Benton?

MENASHA

Not Miss Benton --- Miss Benton.

EDWARDS

Where's Miss Benton?

MENASHA

Miss Benton ~~couldn't be here~~ was busy for a little while, so she left me to watch the store.

EDWARDS

Watch the store!

MENASHA

I mean the Resraurant.

EDWARDS

This is preposterous! In my twenty years as principal of this school, I have never heard of anything like this! I'm 20:00 flabber-gasted!

MENASHA

(INTRODUCTION FOOT BIT.)

How do you do, Mr. Flabber-gasted? 21:30

I'm Menasha.

EDWARDS

Meh -- what?

MENASHA

Menasha.

EDWARDS

How do you spell it?

MENASHA (TO KIDS)

All together now.

KIDS

Menasha. M like in Menasha,
E like in Enasha, N like in
Nasha, Menasha!

EDWARDS

Quiet! What is this racket! I
demand an explanation! I'll see
that somebody is punished for
this breach of discipline! 20:30

MENASHA

Don't get abusive. Don't get
abusive.

EDWARDS

Miss Benton will have plenty to
answer for. Imagine leaving this
class in jeopardy.

MENASHA

Oh, no. Jeopardy - no. History I taught 'em. Geography, I taught 'em --- but Jeopardy? No! Never!!

(CALLS TO TOMMY IN WHISPER)

Tommy, what's jeopardy?

EDWARDS

Look here. I demand an explanation. for this untoward demonstration.

(MILDRED BENTON ENTERS BREATHLESSLY, SEES THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE.)

MILDRED

Oh, no. I knew this would happen.

EDWARDS

Ah, Miss Benton. I see you were finally able to get here.

MILDRED

I -- I'm sorry I'm late. I --

EDWARDS

Better late than never, but in this case, Miss Benton, Never! Until such time as you will receive formal notice from the Board of Education, you are herewith summarily suspended.

MENASHA

Wait a minute! Can't you hold your suspendeds! I'll give you mine.

EDWARDS

We've heard quite enough from you, sir. If you will be kind enough to stay out of this --

MRS. BROWN

Just a moment! Possibly Miss Benton has some extenuating circumstance --

EDWARDS

I'm afraid that'll be up to the Board of Education to decide.

MRS. BROWN

As President of the Parents-Teachers Association, I beg to differ with you, Mr. Edwards. This means more to me than it does to you. I happen to have a little girl in this very class. 21:30

(LOOKS AROUND)

Hello, Helen.

GIRL

Hello, Mother.

MRS. BROWN

Why, Helen, dear, what happened to your pigtails?

EDWARDS

This is all highly irregular!

MENASHA

That's what it was. The pigtails were irregular, so I cut them off. Don't you think she looks better this way?

MRS. BROWN

Uh -- yes -- yes...I believe you're right. I've been meaning to cut them myself for some time now but I didn't have the heart.

22:00
53:20

EDWARDS

Look here, I find this most embarrassing. A teacher who doesn't come to school. And this man is obviously an idiot.

MENASHA

An idiot? Remember — (old idiot?)
You'll have to prove it.

MILDRED (TEARFULLY)

I know that my action in not being here was completely unjustifiable, but I do love teaching and children with all my heart, and it was only a circumstance of extreme necessity which caused me to be derelict in my duty, ~~Mr. Edwards.~~

EDWARDS

I'm not sure I understand.

MENASHA

He doesn't understand. You see, kids. You wouldn't go to school, you'll grow up to be a dumbbell like him.

EDWARDS (SPUTTERING)

But -- but --

MRS. BROWN

(TO MISS BENTON) ~~Calm yourself, my dear.~~ Don't worry - everything will be all right, Miss Benton.

MENASHA

Could I say a few words here, or is this a private school?

EDWARDS

I wish someone would explain what's going on here.

MENASHA

All right. So I'll tell you. Miss Benton is a substitute. She has to wait until she gets a call. Meanwhile she has a mother and brother to support. So she got herself another job, and when she got the call to teach, she was between the devil --

(HE INADVERTENTLY POINTS TO EDWARDS)

-- and the deep blue sky.

EDWARDS

I hardly understand --

MENASHA

Please let me finish! Look, I'm not a smart man, and I'm not a well-educated man. I wish I was, but when I was a child I wanted to go to school but I couldn't go. There were no schools and there were no teachers. Look at me, if I could have gone to school, maybe I would have been another Einstein, -- all right -- not Einstein, Einstein! But I would be a better man... and here in this wonderful country, we got the schools, we got the teachers, we got the children. Remember, you only get out of children what you put into them. So put some principle into

(More)

MENASHA

teachers and you'll collect with interest. I thank you. 24:00

(MRS. BROWN AND MISS BENTON APPLAUD)

MILDRED

Thank you, Menasha.

MRS. BROWN

Well said, Mr. Menasha.

EDWARDS

(COMPLETELY MOLLIFIED)

Look here, I hardly know what to say. Sometimes we need someone to remind us of these things. I think you have done us a valuable service, sir.

MENASHA

So, if that's the case, I'll go.

(PICKS UP BRIEF CASE AND STARTS OUT)

TOMMY

But Menasha! ~~Wait a minute!~~ Aren't you ever coming back to school?

MENASHA

To teach -- no. To learn -- yes. How about you?

TOMMY

I think I'll spend another year and finish college.

MENASHA

Good boy. Oh -- I almost forgot.

(More)

(OPENS BRIEF CASE AND TAKES OUT APPLES WHICH HE DISTRIBUTES)

MENASHA (Cont'd)

Apples for the pupils.

24:30
26:00

EDWARDS

(GOING TO CHAIR AT DESK)

Thanks a lot, Mr. Menasha.

You've made --

(HE SITS)

-- your point -- OW!

(HE JUMPS A FOOT. EVERYBODY LAUGHS. HE STARTS TO BURN, REALIZES THE JOKE, STARTS TO LAUGH)

25:00

Looks like the joke's on me.

Class, I think we owe Menasha a vote of thanks! I think he's a good fellow. Now, let's give him a rousing P.S. 63 sendoff!

(EDWARDS LEADS CLASS IN SONG. WE SCAN CLASS AND WIND UP ON CU OF MENASHA, DABBING AT EYES WITH HANDKERCHIEF.

ALL (SINGING)

For he's a jolly good fellow
For he's a jolly good fellow
For he's a jolly good fellow
Which nobody can deny.

25:30
(2 choruses)

(FADE OUT.)

E N D

(5)

UNDER

MENASHA

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the final show of this summer series. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed doing it for you. If you liked the program, I'd appreciate hearing from you. Please write to me in care of NBC. I hope to see you again real soon. Meantime, God Bless You All..... and thank you. Not thank you -- Thank You!